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Augustus F. Westmacott.











# HIDE PARKE

## A COMEDIE,

As it vvvas presented by her Ma-  
jesties Servants, at the private  
house in *Drury*  
Lane.

---

Written by *James Shirly.*

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LONDON,  
Printed by *Tho. Cotes*, for *Andrew Crooke*,  
and *William Cooke.*

1637.

HIDE PARK

C. 668. 6. 5. 1873

As it is... 1873  
...  
...  
...

Written by...



LONDON  
Printed by T. C. for Andrew Cooke  
and William Cooke  
1873







TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, HENRY EARLE OF HOL-

L AND, Knight of the most Noble

order of the Garter, one of his Majesties

most honourable Privie Councell, Chan-

cellor of the Univerſitie of

Cambridge, &c.

My Lord,



*His Comedy in the title, is a part of your Lordships Command, which heretofore grac'd, and made happy by your smile, when it was presented, after a long silence, upon first opening of the Parke, is come a-broad to kisse your Lordships hand. The applause it once receiv'd in the action, is not considerable with*

*that honour, your Lordship may give it in your acceptance; that was too large, and might with some narrow and Stoicall judgement render it suspected: But this, depending upon your censare, (to me above many Theaters) is able to impart a merit to the Poem, and pre- scribe opinion. If your Lordship, retir'd from businesse into a calme, and at truce with those high affaires, wherein your Counsell and spi- rit is fortunately active, vouchsafe to peruse these unworthy papers. You not Onely give a life to the otherwise languishing numbers, but quicken, and exalt the Genius of the Author, whose heart pointeth at no greater ambition, than to be knowne*

My Lord

To your Name and honour

*the most humbly devoted*



Persons.

**T**he Lord Bonville.

Mr. Fairefield.

Mr. Rider.

Mr. Venture.

Mr. Lacy

Mr. Tryer

Mr. Bonavent.

Lords Page.

Jocky.

Servants.

Runners

Mr. Caroll.

Mr. Bonavent.

Mr. Julietta sister to Fairefield.

Waiting Woman.

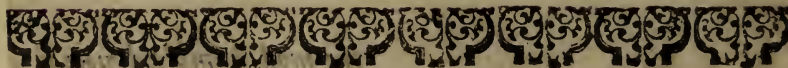
Milke Maide. &c.

Amorous servants to

Mr. Caroll.

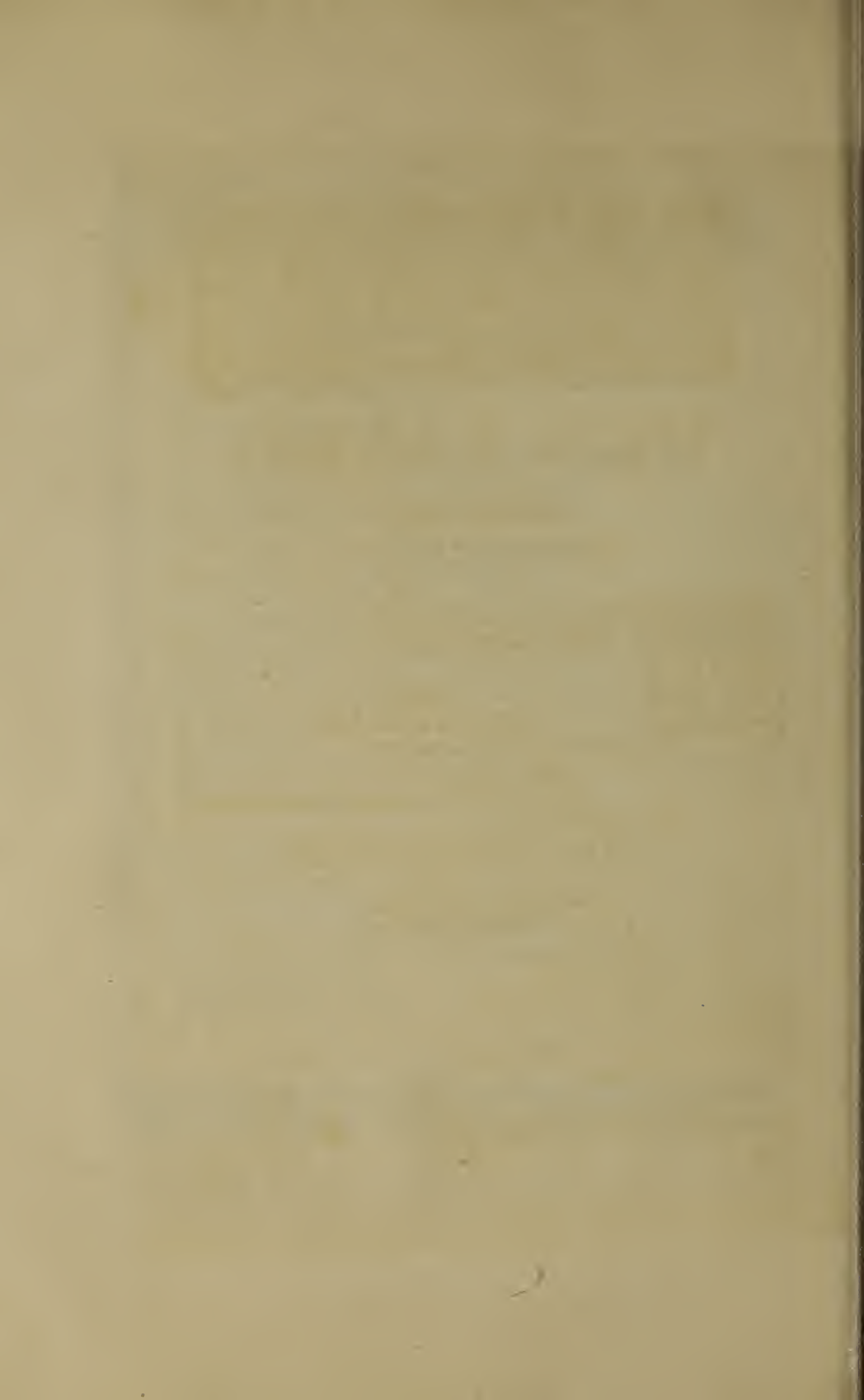
To Mr. Bonavent.

To Mr. Julietta.











# HIDE PARKE.

*The First Act.*

*Enter Tryer and Lacy.*



*Tryer,* And how and how?

*Lacy,* The cause depends.

*Tr.* No Mistresse.

*La.* Yes, but no Wife.

*Tr.* For now she is a Widdow.

*La.* But I resolve —

*Tr.* What does shee say to thee.

*La.* Shee sayes, I know not what she sayes, but I must take another course, and yet she is —

*Tr.* A creature of much sweetenesse, if all tongues  
Be just in her report, and yet tis strange  
Having seven yeares expected, and so much  
Remonstrance of her Husbands losse at Sea,  
She should continue thus.

*La.* What if she should  
Renew the bond of her devotion  
For seven yeares more.

*Tr.* You will have time enough  
To pay in your affection.

*La.* I do make,  
A voyage to *Cassandra's* Temple first,

B

And

*Hide Parke.*

And marry a deform'd Maide, yet I must  
Confesse she gives me a faire respect.

*Tr.* Has she,  
A hope her Husband may be living yet?  
I cannot tell; she may have a conceipt,  
Some Dolphin has preserv'd him in the storme,  
Or that he may be tenant to some Whale;  
Within whose belly he may practise lent,  
And feed on fish, till hee be vomited  
Vpon some coast, or having scap'd the seas,  
And billes of Exchange sayling, he might purpose  
To foote it ore the Alpes in his returne,  
And by mischance is fallen among the mise,  
With whom perhappes he barrenes upon sleepe,  
Beneath the Snow.

*Tr.* This were a Vagary.

*La.* I know not what to thinke, or is she not  
the worse for the coy Lady that lives with her.

*Tr.* Her Kinswoman?

*La.* Such a malicious peecē,  
(I meane to love) tis pittie any placē  
But a cold Nunnery should be troubled with her.  
If all maides were but her disciples, wee  
Should have no generation, and the world  
For want of Children in few yeares undone by't;  
Here's one can tell you more, is not that *Iarvis*  
The Widdowes servant.

*Enter Venture and Servant.*

*Ven.* Whether in such hast man?

*Ser.* I am commanded Sir to fetch a Gentleman.

*Ven.* To thy Mistresse? To give her a heate this morning.

*Ser.* I ha spied him; with your pardon — *the servant goes*

*Tr.* Good morrow Maister *Venture.*

*(to Lacy)*

*Ven.* Franke Tryer.

*Tr.* You looke iocond and high,

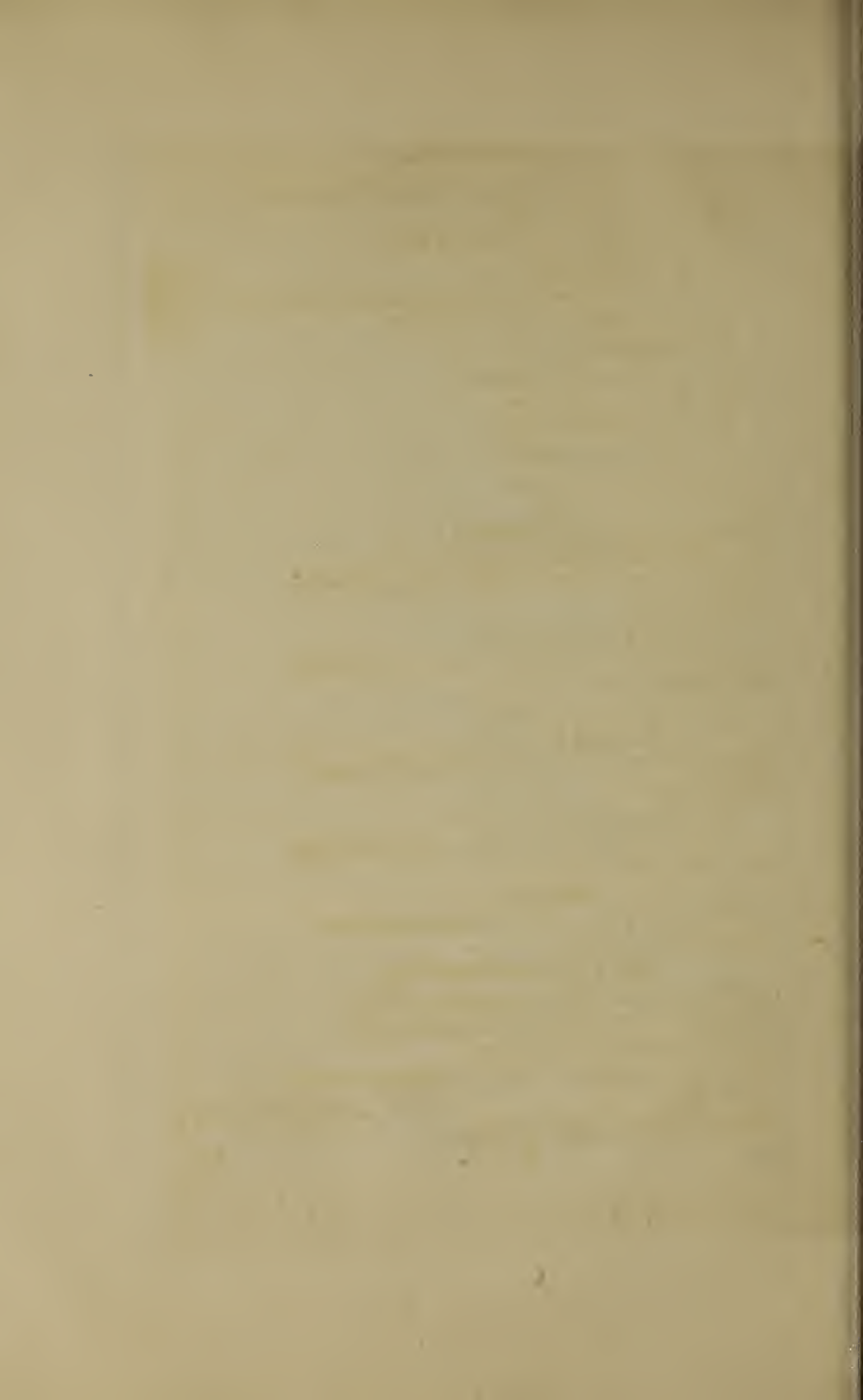
Venus has bin propitious,

I dreamt last night thou wert a Bridegrome.

*Ven.*







*Hide Parke.*

*Ven.* Such a thing may be, the wind blowes now  
From a more happie coast,

*La.* I must leave you, I am sent for,

*Tr.* To thy Mistresse?

(well)

*La.* Without more ceremony, gentlemen my service—far—

*Ven.* Ile tell thee, I have a Mistresse.

*Exit.*

*Tr.* I beleeeve it

*Ven.* And yet I have her not.

*Tr.* But you have hope.

*Ven.* Orrather certainty.

*Tr.* Why, I heare she is  
A very Tyrant over men.

*Ven.* Worse, worse,  
The needle of a Diall never had  
So many waverings, but she is touch'd,  
And she Points onely this way now, true North;  
I am her Pole.

*Tr.* And she your *Vrsa minor*,

*Ven.* I laugh to thinke how other of her Rivals  
Will looke when I enioy her.

*Tr.* Yare not yet contracted?

*Ven.* No she chang'd  
Some amorous tokens, do you see this Diamond?  
A toy she gave me.

*Tr.* Cause she saw you a Sparke.

*Ven.* Her flame of love is here, and in exchange  
She tooke a chaine of Pearle.

*Tr.* Youle see it hang'd.

*Ven.* These to the wise are arguments of love,  
And mutuall Promises.

*Enter Lord Bonville and Page.*

*Tr.* Your Lordship's welcomē to Towne,  
I am blest to see your honour in good health.

*Lo.* Prethee visit my Lodgings.

*Tr.* I shall presume to tender my humble service.

*Ven.* What's he?

*Exit Lord and Page.*

*Tr.* A sprigge of the Nobilitie,

*Hiat Parke.*

That has a spirit equall to his fortunes,  
A gentleman that loves cleane Napery.

*Ven.* I guesse your meaning.

*Tr.* A Lady of pleasure, tis no shame for Men  
Of his high birth to love a Wench, his honour  
May priviledge more sinnes, next to a Woman  
He loves a running horse, setting a side these recreations,  
He has a Noble Nature, valiant, bountifull.

*Ven.* I was of his humour till I fell in love,  
I meane for wenching, you may guesse a little,  
By my legges, but Ile now be very honest,  
And when I am married ———

*Tr.* Then you are confident  
To carry away your Mistresse from em all.

*Ven.* From *Ioue* himselfe, though he should practise all  
His shapés to court her, tis impossible  
She should put any trick upon me, I  
Have wonne her very soule.

*Tr.* Her body must  
Needes be your owne then.

*Ven.* I have a brace of Rivals  
Would they were here that I might Ieere em,  
And see how opportunely one is come,

*Enter Master Rider.*

Ile make you a little sport.

*Tr.* I ha bin Melancholy,

You will, expresse a favour in't.

*Rid. M. Venture,* The first man in my wish,

What gentleman is that?

*Ven.* A Friend of mine.

*Rid.* I am his servant, looke yee, we are friends.

An't shall appeare, how ever things succeed

That I have lov'd you, and you cannot take

My Councell in ill part.

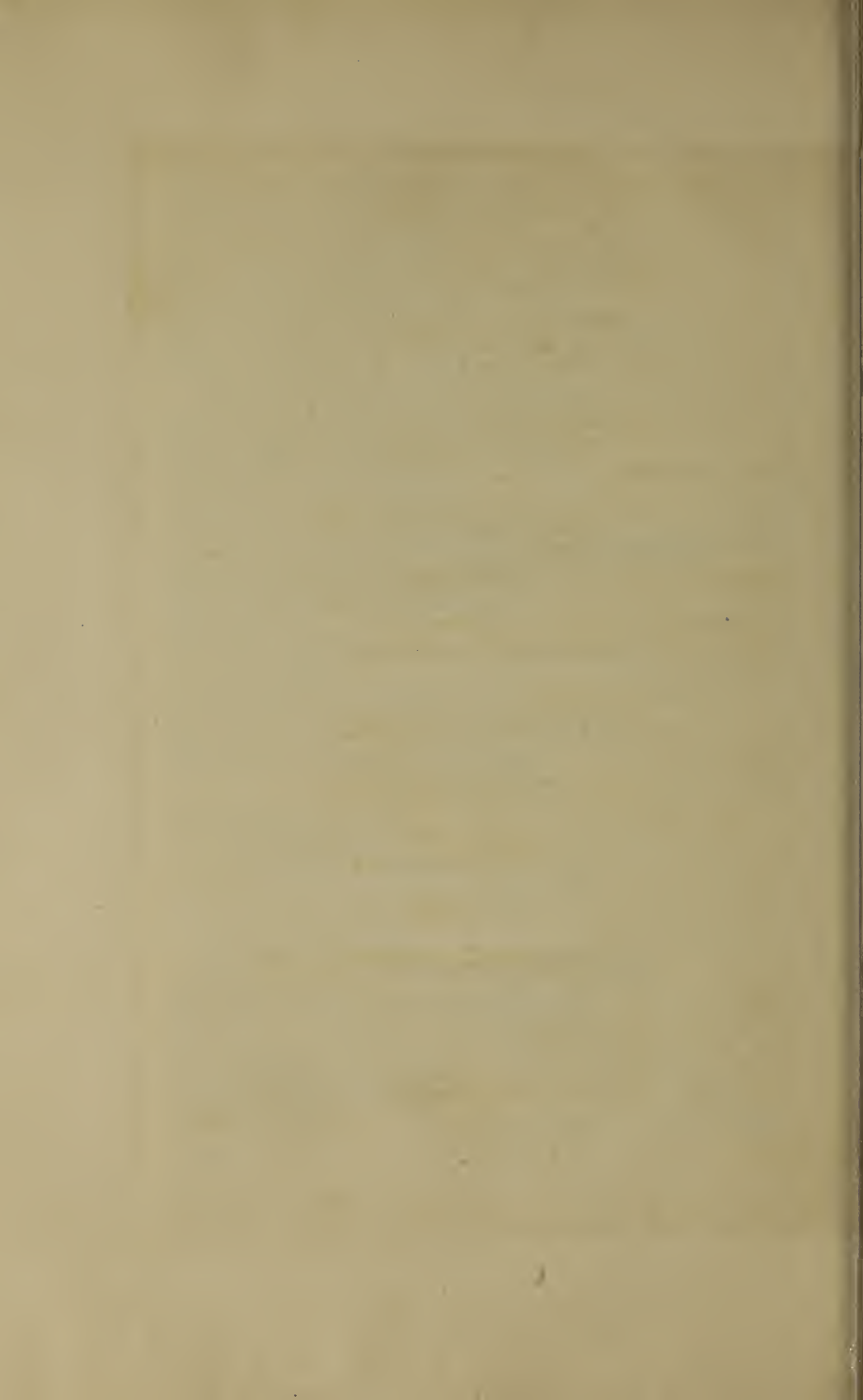
*Ven.* Whats the businessse?

*Rid.* For my part, I have

us'd







*Hiac Parke.*

Vs'd no inchantment, philter, no devices  
That are unlawfull, to direct the streame  
Of her affection, it flowes naturally.

*Ven.* How's this ? prethee observe.

*Tr.* I do and shall laugh presently.

*Rid.* For your anger

I weare a sword, though I have no desire  
It should be guilty of defacing any  
Part of your body, yet upon a just  
And noble provocation, wherein  
My Mistresse love, and honour is engaged,  
I dare draw blood.

*Tr.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Ven.* A Mistresse love and honour ? this is pretty.

*Rid.* I know you cannot

But understand me, yet I say I love you,  
And with a generous breast, and in the confidence  
You will take it kindly, I returne to that  
I promis'd you, good counsell, come leave off  
The prosecution.

*Ven.* Of what I prethee ?

*Rid.* There wilbe lesse affront then to expect  
Till the last minute, and behold the victory  
Others, you may guesse, why I declare this ?  
I am studious to preserve an honest friendshippe,  
For though it be my glory, to be adorn'd  
With trophies of her vanquisht love.

*Ven.* Whose love ?

*Tr.* This sounds as if he leer'd you !

*Ven.* Mushroompe !

*Tr.* What dee meane gentlemē ? friends and fall out  
About good Counsell.

*Ven.* Ile put up a gaine  
Now I thinke better on't.

*Tr.* Tis done discreetly,  
Cover the nakednesse of your toole I pray.

*Hide Parke.*

*Ven.* Why looke you Sir. If you bestow this Councell  
Out of your love, I thanke you ; yet there is  
No great necessitie, why you should be at  
The cost of so much breath, thing's well considered.  
A Ladies love is mortall, I know that,  
And if a thousand men should love a woman  
The dice must carry her, but one of all  
Can weare the Garland.

*Tr.* Now you come to him.

*Ven.* For my owne part, I lov'd the Lady wel,  
But you must pardon me, if I demonstrate  
There's no such thing as you pretend, and therefore  
In quittance of your loving, honest Councell,  
I would not have you build an ayry Castle,  
Her Starres have pointed her another way,  
This instrument will take her height. *Shewes the Ring.*

*Rid.* Ha.

*Ven.* And you may guesse what cause you have to triumph,  
I would not tell you this, but that I love you,  
And hope you will not runne your selfe into  
The cure of Bedlam, hee that weares this favour  
Hath sence to apprehend.

*Rid.* That Diamond.

*Ven.* Observe it perfectly, there are no trophies  
Of vanquisht love, I take it, comming toward you,  
It will be lesse affront, then to expect  
Till the last minute, and behold the victory  
Anothers.

*Rid.* That Ring I gavē her.

*Tr.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Ven.* This was his gift to her, ha, ha, ha !  
Have patience spleene, ha, ha !

*Tr.* The scene is chang'd !

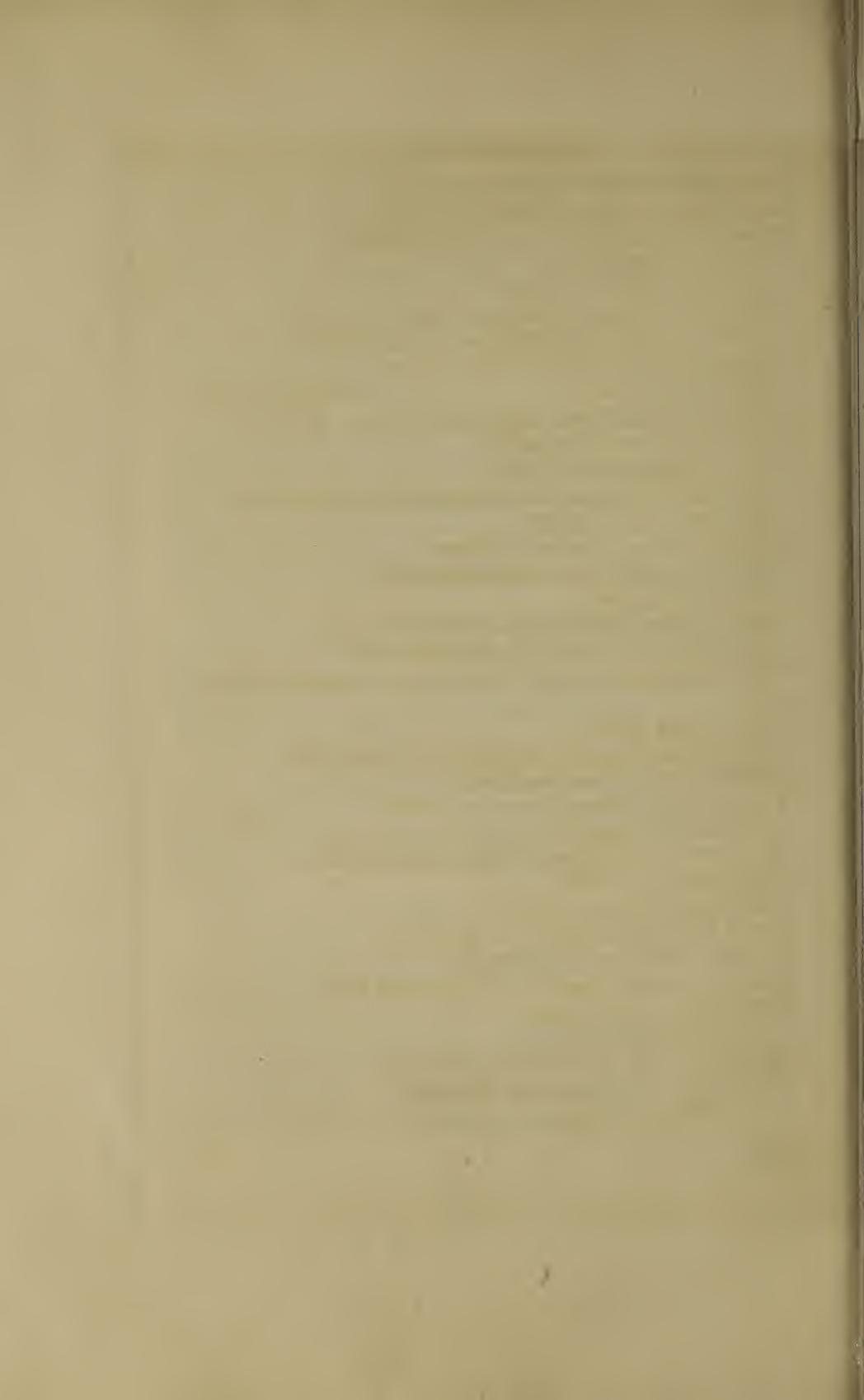
*Rid.* She wonot use me thus, she did receive it  
With all the circumstance of love.

*Ven.* I pittie him, my eyes runne ore, dost hearē,  
I cannot choose but laugh, and yet I pittie thee.

*She*







*Hide Parke.*

Shē has a Teering Wit, and I shall love her  
More heartily for this. What dost thinke?  
Poore Gentleman how he has foold himselfe.

*Rid.* Ile to her againe.

*Ven.* Nay, be not passionate!

A faith thou wert too confident, I knēw  
It could not hold, dost thinke Ide say so much else?  
I can tell thee morē, but lose her memorie.

*Rid.* Were it more rich *hee shewes a Chaine*  
Then that which *Cleopatra* gave to *Anthony*, of *Pearle*.  
With scorne I would returne it.

*Tr.* She give you this Chaine?

*Rid.* She shall be hang'd in chaines, ere I will keepe it?

*Ven.* Stay, stay, let my eye  
Examine that——this Chaine——

*Rid.* Who would trust woman after this?

*Ven.* The very samē  
She tooke of me, when I receiv'd this Diamond.

*Rid.* Ha ha! you doe but iest, she wonot foole  
You o'this fashion, looke a little better, one may be like an-  
other.

*Ven.* Tis the samē.

*Rid.* Ha, ha, I would it were, that wē might laugh  
At one another, by this hand I will  
Forgive her, prethee tell me---ha, ha, ha!

*Tr.* You will carry her  
From *Ioue* himselfe, though he should practise all  
His shapes to court her.

*Rid.* By this Pearle, o Rogue!  
How I doe love her fort, be not dejected;  
A Ladies love is mortall, one of all  
Must weare the Garland, do not foole your selfe.  
Beyond the cure of Bedlam.

*Tr.* She has fitted you  
With a paire of fooles Coatēs, as handsomely  
As any Taylor, that had taken measure.

*Ven.* Give me thy hand,

*Tr.*

*Hide Parke.*

*Tr.* Nay lay your heads together  
How to revenge it, and so gentlemen I take my leave.

*Ven.* She has abus'd us.

*Rid.* Let vs take his Councell,  
Wee can be but what we are.

*Ven.* A paire of credulous fooles.

*Rid.* This other fellow *Fairefeild* has prevail'd:

*Ven.* Which if hee have ———

*Rid.* What shall we do?

*Ven.* I thinke we were best let him alone.

*Rid.* Dee heare? Weele to her againe, youle  
Be rul'd by me, and tell her what wee thinke on her.

*Ven.* She may come to herselfe, and be asham'd on't.

*Rid.* If she would affect one of us, for my part  
I am indifferent.

*Ven.* So say I too, but to give us both the canvas  
Lets walke, and thinke how to behave our selves. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Mistresse Bonavent*, and *Miltris Caroll.*

*Car.* What dee meane to do with him?

*Bon.* Thou art  
To much a Tyrant, the seven yeares are past,

That did oblige me to expect my Husband  
Engag'd to Sea, and though within those limits

Frequent intelligēce hath reported him  
Lost, both to me, and his owne life, I have

Bin carefull of my vow; and were there hope  
Yet to embrace him, I would thinke another

Seven yeares no penance, but I should thus  
Be held a cruell woman, in his certaine

Losse, to despise the love of all mankind.  
And therefore I resolve, upon so large

A triall of his Constancy, at last  
To give him the reward of his respects

To me and ———

*Ca.* Marry him.

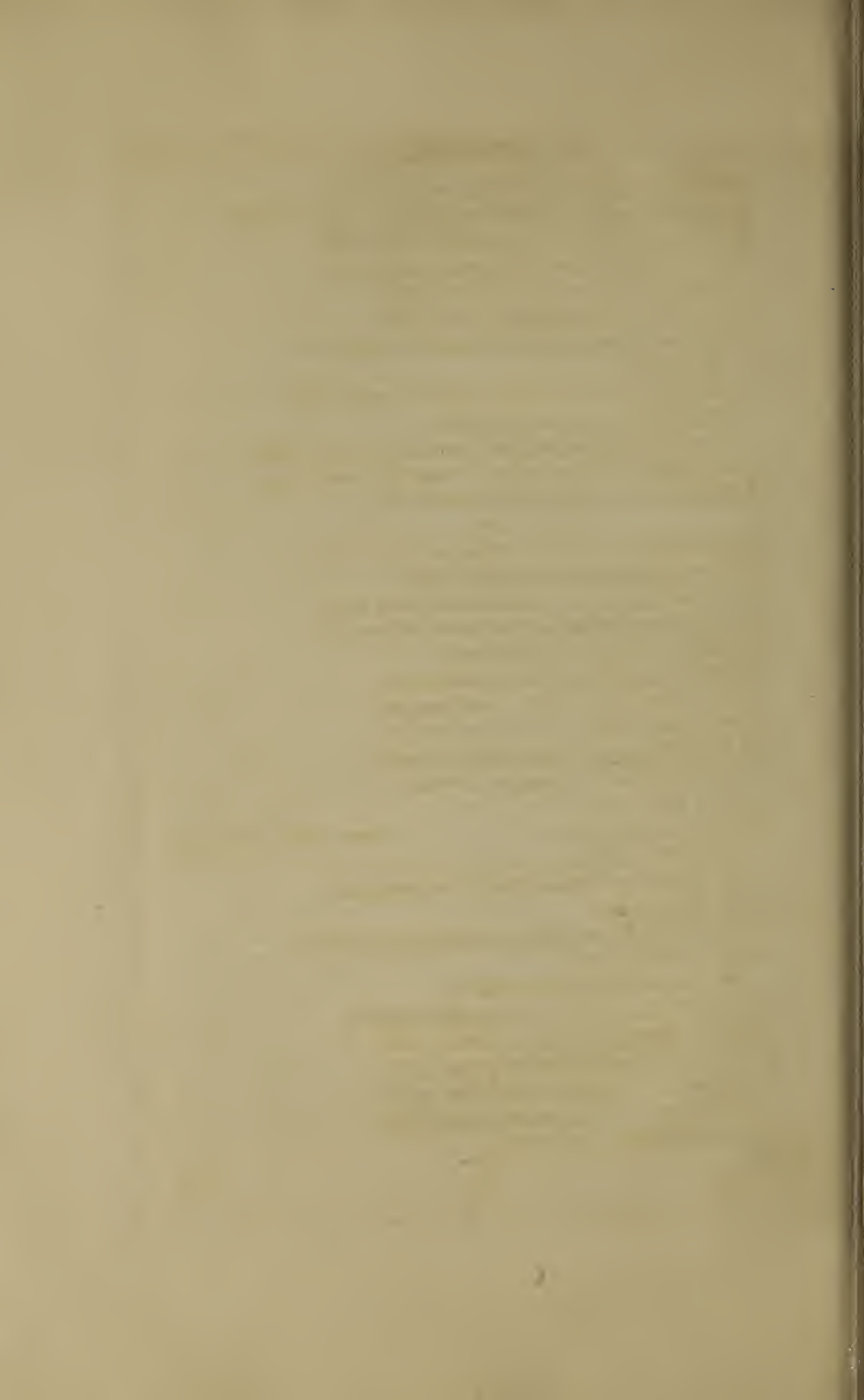
*Bo.* You have apprehended!

*Ca.* No marvaile if men raile upon you then,

And







*Hide Parke.*

And doubt whether a Widdow may be sav'd,  
We Maides are thought the worse on, for your easines,  
How are poore women overseene? We must  
Cast a way our selves upon a whyning lover  
In charity, I hope my Cousens Ghost  
Will meete, as you go to Church, or if  
You scape it then, upon the Wedding night---

*Bo.* Fy, Fy.

*Ca.* When you are both a bed and candles out.

*Bo.* Nay put not out the candles.

*Ca.* May they burne blew then, at his second kisse  
And fright him from---well I could say something  
But take your course---he's come already.

*Enter Lacy.*

Put him off, but another twelve moneth, so, so,  
Oh love into what foolish labyrinthes  
Dost thou leade us! I would all women were  
But of my minde, we would have a new world  
Quickly, I will goe studie Poetry,  
A purpose, to write verses in the praise  
Of th' Amazonian Ladies, in whom only  
Appeare true valour (for the instruction  
Of all posterity) to beate their husbands.

*La.* How you endcare your servant.

*Ca.* I will not  
Be guilty of more stay.

*Fa.* Sweete Lady.

*Ca.* Y'are come in timē Sir, to redeeme me.

*Fa.* Why Lady.

*Ca.* You wilbe as comfortable as strong waters,  
There's a Gentleman.

*Fa.* So uncivill to affront you?

*Ca.* I had no patience to heare him longer;  
Take his offence before you question him.

*Fa.* And be most happy if by any service  
You teach me to deserve your faire opinion.

*Ca.* It is not civill to eavesdrop him, but  
I'me sure he talkes on't now.

*C*

*Fa.*

Hide Parke.

Fa. Of what?

Ca. Of Love, is any thing more ridiculous?  
You know I never cherish that condition,  
In you tis the most harsh unpleasing discord,  
But I hope you will be instructed better  
Knowing how much my fancy goes against it,  
Talke not of that and welcome.

Fa. You retaine

I see your unkind temper, will no thought  
Soften your heart, disdain agrees but ill  
With so much beauty; if you would perswade,  
Me not to love you, strive to be lesse faire;  
Vndoe that face, and so become a Rebel,  
To heaven and Nature.

Ca. You doe love my face then!

Fa. As heavenly prologue to your minde, I doe not  
Dote like *Pigmalion* on the colours!

Ca. No you cannot, his was a painted Mistris,  
Or if it be the minde you so pretend  
To affect, you encrease my wonder of your folly,  
For I have told you that so often.

Fa. What?

Ca. My minde so oppositē to all your Courtship,  
That I had rather heare the tedious tales  
Of Hollinghead, then any thing that trenches  
On Love, if you come fraught with any  
*Cupids* devises, keepe em for his whirligigs,  
Or lande the next edition of his Messenger,  
Or post with a mad packet, I shall but  
Laugh at them, and pitty you.

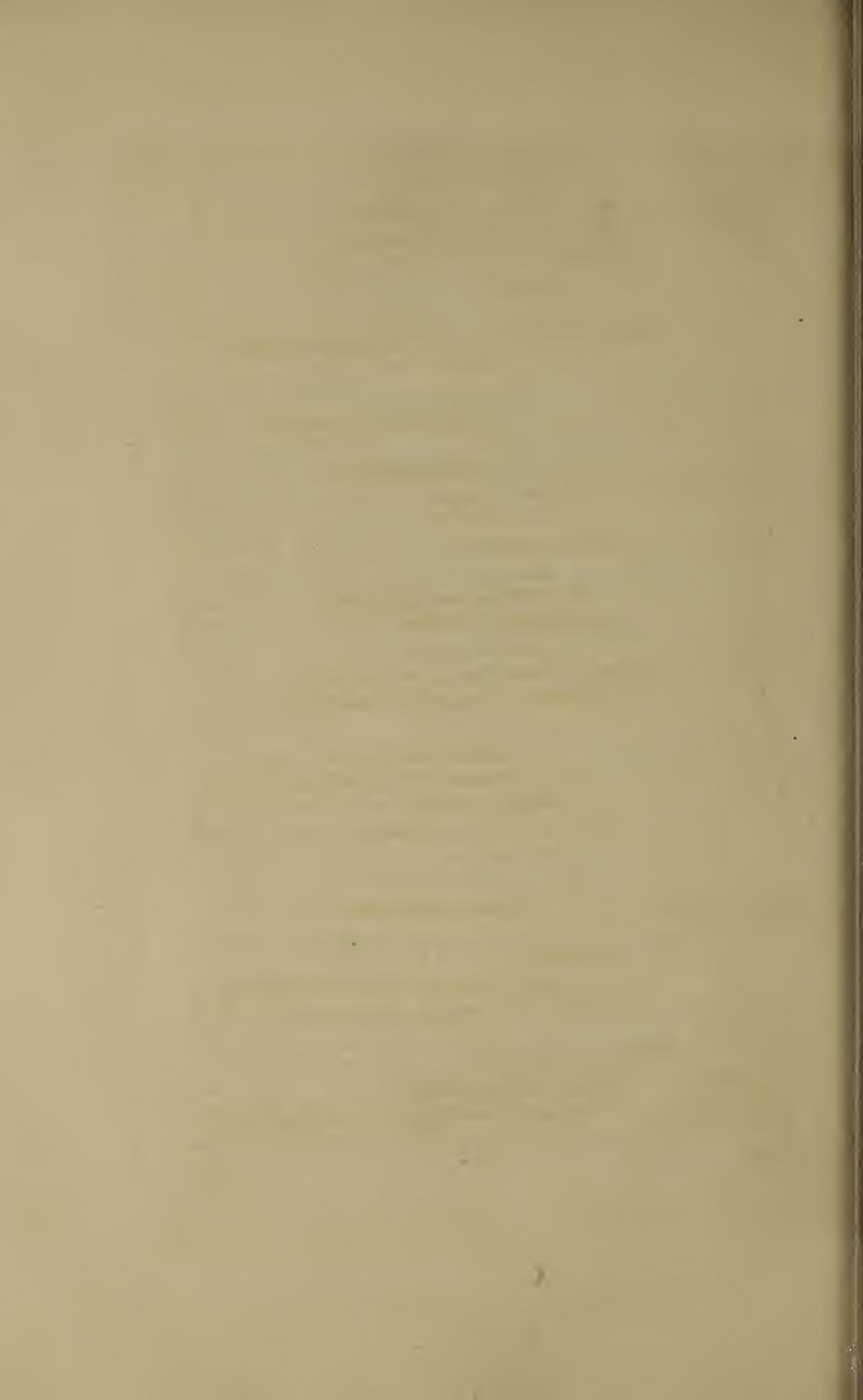
Fa. That pitty ———

Ca. Doe not mistake me, it shall be a very  
Miserable pitty without love!  
Were I a man, and had but halfe that handsom'nesse,  
(For though I have not love, I hate detraction,)  
Ere I would put my invention to the sweate  
Of Complement, to court my Mistris hand  
And call her smile blessing beyond a Sunne beame;

Entreate







*Hide Parke.*

Entreatē to waitē upon her, give her Rings  
With wanton, or most lamentable Poesies,  
I would turne thrasher.

*Fa.* This is a new doctrine,  
From women.

*Ca.* 'Twill concernē your peace, to havē some faith in't.

*Fa.* You would not be neglected.

*Ca.* You neglect  
Your selves, the Noblēnesse of your birth and naturē  
By servile flattery of this jiggling,  
And that coy Mistresse, keepe your priviledge  
Your Masculine property.

*Fa.* Is there  
So great a happinesse in nature?

*Ca.* Theres one  
just a your minde; can there be such happinesse  
In nature, fye upon it if it were possible,  
That ever I should be so mad to love,  
To which I thanke my Starres I am not inclin'd,  
I should not hold such servants worth my garters,  
Though they would put me in security  
To hang themselves, and ease me of their visits.

*Fr.* Y<sup>e</sup> are a strange gentlewoman! why, lookē you Lady?  
I am not so enchanted with your vertues  
But I do know my selfe, and at what distance  
To looke upon such Mistresses,  
I can be scurvily conditiond, you are —

*Ca.* As thou dost hope for any good, rayle now  
But a little.

*Fa.* I could provoke you.

*Ca.* To laugh, but not to lyē downe, why! prethēe do!

*Fa.* Goe y<sup>e</sup> are a foolish creature, and not worth  
My services.

*Ca.* A loud that they may hearē  
The more the merrier, Ile tak't as kindly  
As if thou hadst given me the Exchange, what all this cloud  
Without a shower?

*Hide Parke.*

*Fa.* Y'are most ingratefull!

*Ca.* Good, abominable peevish, and a wench  
That would be beaten, beaten blacke and blew.  
And then perhaps she may have colour for't,  
Come, come, you cannot scold with confidence  
Nor with grace, you should looke bigge and swear.  
You are no gamster, practise Dice  
And Cardes a little better, you will get  
Many confusions and fine curses by't.

*Fa.* Is not she mad?

*Ca.* To shew I have my reason  
He give you some good Councill; and be plaine we' yee.  
None that have eyes, will follow the direction  
Of a blinde guide, and what dee thing of *Cupid*?  
Women are either fooles, or very wise  
Take that from me, the foolish women are  
Not worth your love, and if a woman know  
How to be wise, she wonot care for you.

*Fa.* Do you give all this Councell without a Fee?  
Come, be lesse wild! I know you cannot be  
So hard of soule.

*Ca.* Prethee let my body alonē!

*Fa.* Why are you thus peremptory? had  
Your mother bin so cruell to mankinde,  
This heresy to love, with you had bin unborne.

*Ca.* My mother was no maide.

*Fa.* How Lady?

*Ca.* She was married long ere I was borne; I take it,  
Which I shall never be, that rules infallible,  
I would not have you foold it'h expectation,  
A favour all my Sutors cannot baost of,  
Goē home and say your praiers, I wonot lookē  
For thanks till seven yeare hence.

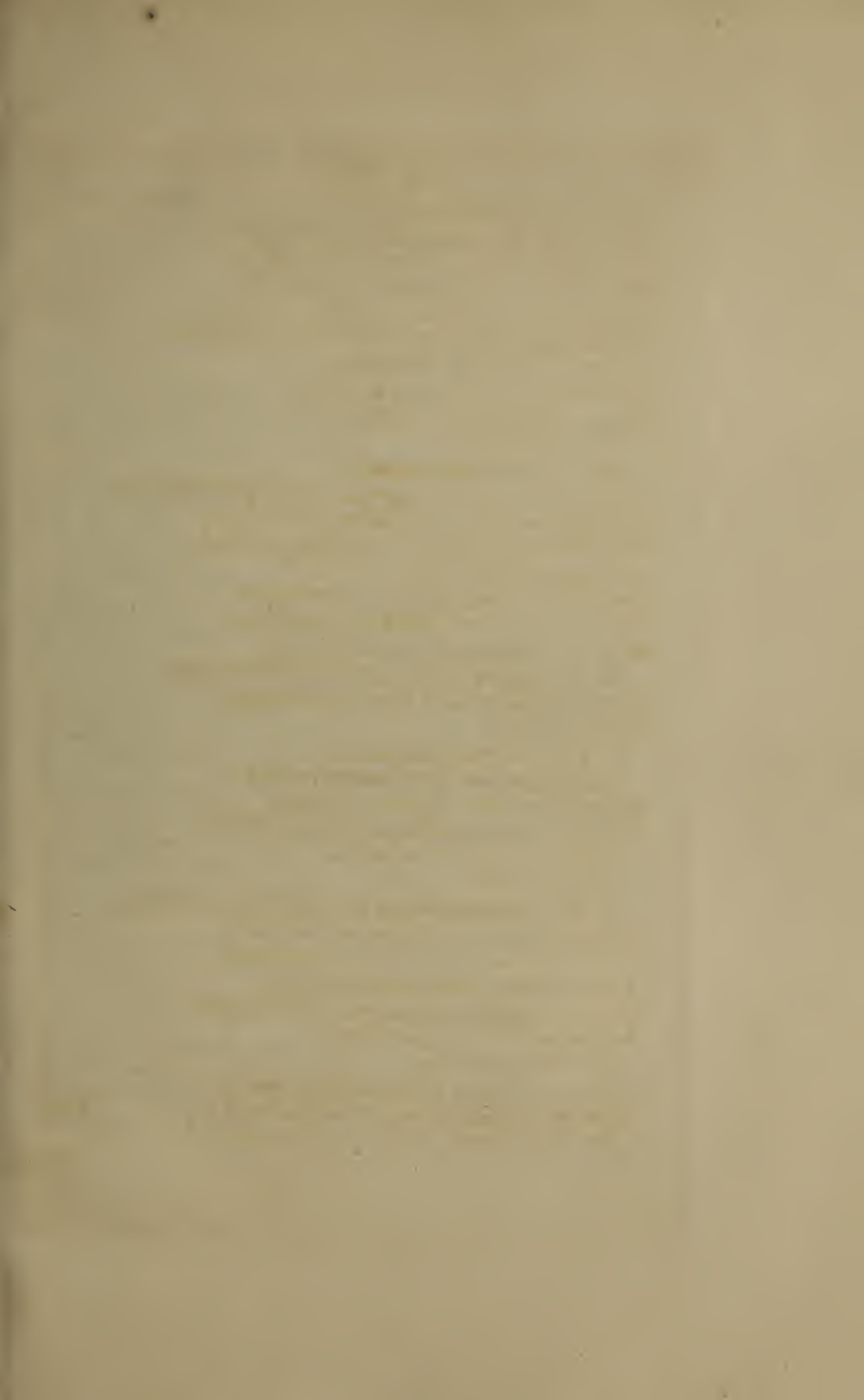
*Fa.* I know not what  
To say, yes I will home and thinkē a Satyre,  
Was ever man leerd thus for his good will?

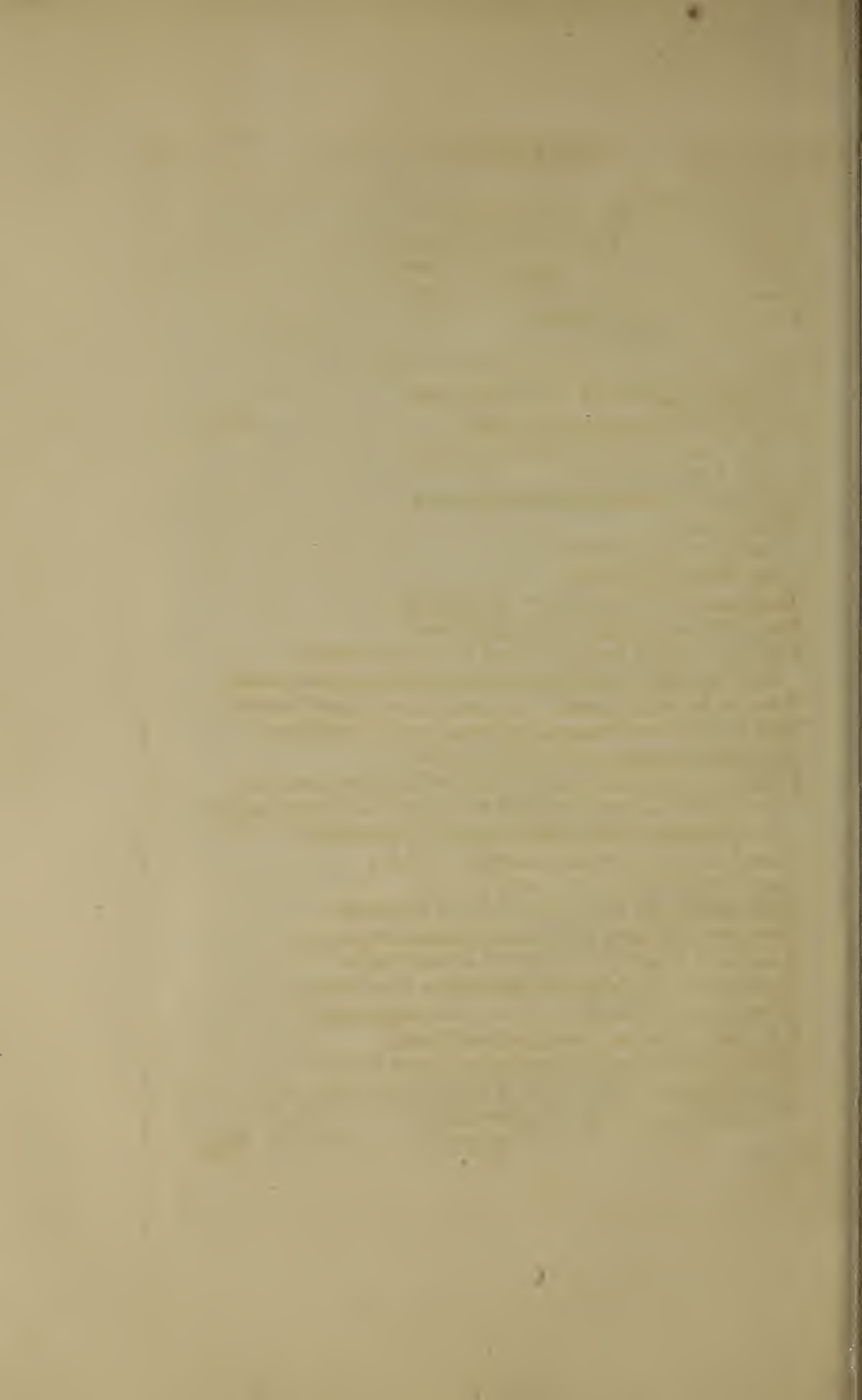
*Bon.* The Licence wilbe soone dispatcht.

*Exit.*

*Lav.*







Hide Parke.

*Lac.* Leave that  
To my care Lady, and let him presume  
Whom you intend to blesse with such a gift,  
Seale on your lips the assurance of his heart,  
I have more wings then *Mercury*, expect  
Your servant in three minutes.

*Ca.* Take more time I  
Youle over heate your selfe and catch a surfer.

*La.* My nimble Lady I ha busines, wee  
Will have a Dialogue another time. *Exit.*

*Ca.* You do intend to marry him then.

*Bon.* I have promised  
To be his wife, and for his more security  
This morning.

*Ca.* How ? this morning ?

*Bon.* What should one  
That has resolv'd lose time ? I do not love  
Much ceremony, suits in love, should not  
Like suits in Law, be rack'd from tearme to tearme.

*Ca.* You will joyne issue presently, without your councill,  
You may be ore throwne ; take heed, I have knowne wives  
That have bin ore throwne in their owne case, and after  
Non suited too, thats twice to be undone,  
But take your course, some Widdowes have bin mortified.

*Bon.* And Maides do now and then meete with their match.

*Ca.* What is in your Condition makes you weary ?  
Y're sicke of plenty and command, you have  
Too too much liberty, too many servants,  
Your Jeweles are your owne, and you would see  
How they will shew upon your husbands wagtayle,  
You have a Coach now, and a Christian Livery  
To waite on you to Church, and are not Catechise'd  
When you come home, you have a waiting woman,  
A Monkey, Squirrell, and a brace of Islands  
Which may be thought superfluous in your family  
When husbands come to rule. A pretty Wardrobe  
A Tayler of your owne, a Doctor too  
That

*Hide Parke.*

That knowes your body, and can make you sicke  
It'h spring, or fall, or when you have a minde to  
Without controule, you have the benefite  
Of talking loud and idle at your table  
May sing a wanton ditty, and not be chidde,  
Dance and goe late to bed, say your owne prayers,  
Or goe to Heaven by your Chaplaine.

*Bo.* Very fine.

*Ca.* And will you lose all this? For I *Sisley*, take thee *John*,  
To be my Husband; keepe him still to be your servant,  
Imitate me, a hundred suiters cannot  
Be halfe the trouble of one husband. I  
Dispose my frownes, and favours like a Princeesse  
Deject, advance, undo, create againe

It keepe the Subjects in obedience,  
And teaches em to looke at me with distance.

*Bo.* But you encourage some.

*Ca.* Tis when I ha nothing else to do for sport,  
As for example.

*Bo.* But I am not now in tune to heare em, prethee  
Lets withdraw.

*Ven.* Nay, nay, Lady we must follow yee.

*The second Act.*

*Bona vent. listening.*

*M. Bon.* Musicke and revelles? they are very merry.

*Enter a Servant.*  
By your favour Sir.

*Ser.* Y'are welcome.

*Bon.* Pray is this a danciug Schoole.

*Ser.* No dancing Schoole.

*Bo.* And yet some voyces found like women.

*Ser.* Wilt please you  
To taste a cup of Wine, tis this day free

As at a Coronation; you seeme  
A Gentleman.

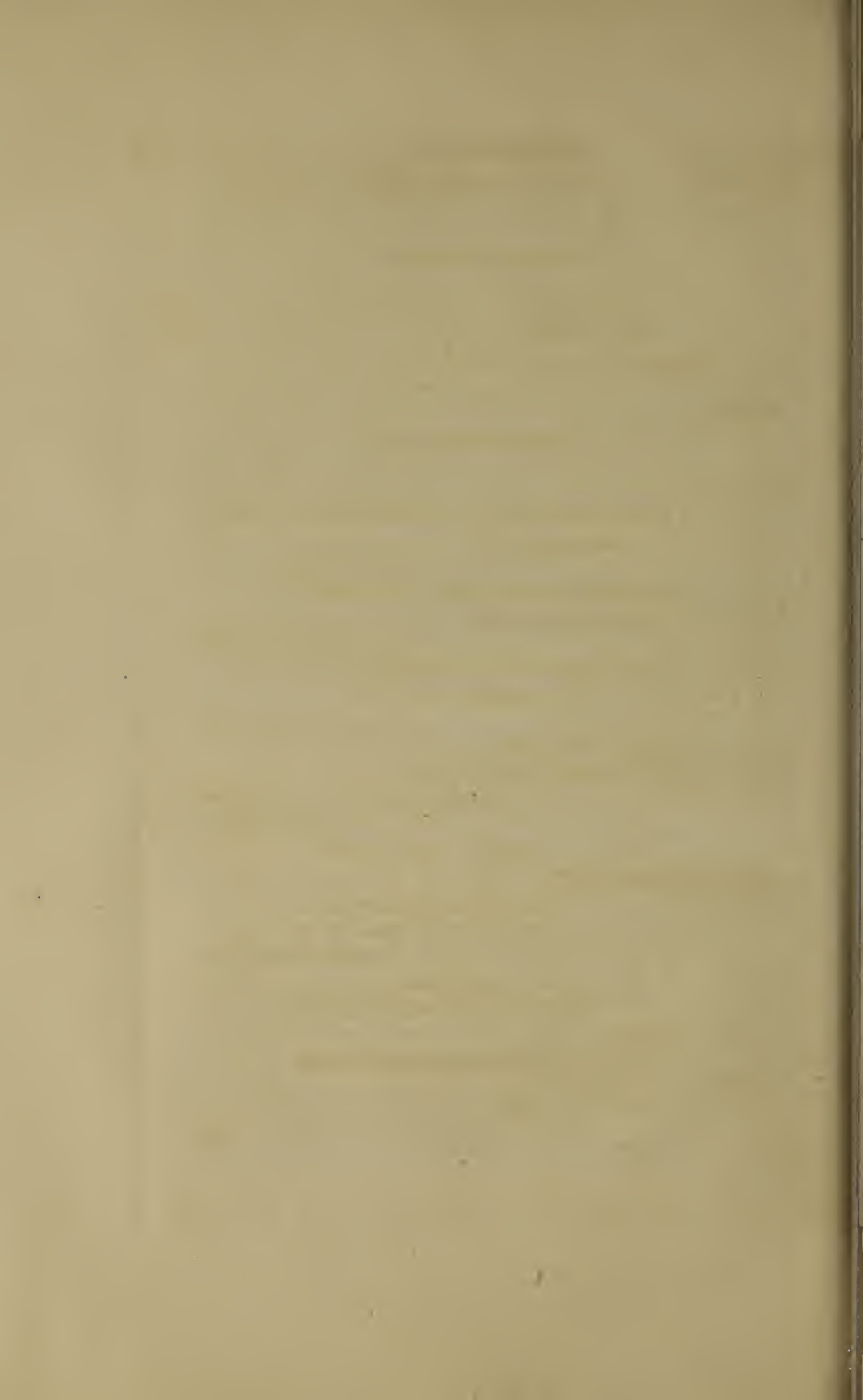
*Bo.* Prethee who dwels here?

*Ser.* The house this morning was a widdowe: Sir!

*But*







*Hide Parke.*

But now her husbands, without circumstance  
She is married.

*Bo.* Prethee her name.

*Ser.* Her name was *Mistresse Bonavent.*

*Bo.* How long since her husband dyed.

*Ser.* Tis two yeares since she had intelligence  
He was cast away, at his departure he

Engag'd her to a seven yeares expectation

Which full expir'd this morning she became

A Bride.

*Bo.* What's the gentleman she has married.

*Ser.* A man of pretty fortune, that has bin  
Her servant many yeares.

*Bo.* How dee meane wantonly, or does he serve for wages.

*Ser.* Neyther, I meane a Suitor.

*Bo.* Cry' mercy, may I be acquainted with his name.

*Ser.* And his person too, if you have a minde too't.  
*Maister Lacy, Ile bring you to him.*

*Bo.* Mr. *Lacy*, may be tis he, would thou couldst helpe me to  
A sight of this gentleman, I ha businesse with  
One of his name, and cannot meete with him.

*Ser.* Please you walke in.

*Bo.* I would not bee intruder.  
In such a day, if I might onely see him.

*Ser.* Follow me and Ile do you that favour. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Lacy, and his Bride, Rider, and Carell,*

*Venture, dancing: Bon: a loose.*

*Ven.* Whose that peepes?

*La.* Peepes I whose that? faith you shall dance.

*M. B.* Good Sir you must excuse me, I am a stranger.

*La.* Your tongue does walke our language, and your feete  
Shall do as we do, take away his Cloake

And Sword, by this hand you shall dance *Monsieur*

*No pardon ne moye I*

*Ca.* Well said *Maister Bridegrome, the gentleman*

May perhappes want exercise.

*Bo.* He will not take it well.

*Ven.*

*Hide Parke.*

*Ven.* The Bridegrom's merry!

*La.* Take me no takes, come choose your firke  
For dance you shall.

*M. B.* I cannot, youle not compell me.

*La.* I ha sworne.

*M. B.* Tis an affront as I am a Gentleman,  
I know not how to foote your Chamber jiggcs.

*La.* No remedy, heres a Lady longes for one vagariē  
Fill a boule of Sack, and then to the Canaries.

*M. B.* You are circled with your friends, and do not well  
To use this priuledge to a Gentlemans  
Dishonour.

*La.* You shall shake your heeles.

*M. B.* I shall, Ladies tis this gentlemans desirē  
That I should make you mirth, I cannot dance  
I tell you that afore.

*Bo.* He seemes to be a Gentleman and a Souldier.

*Ca.* Good *Mars* be not so fullen, youle do more  
With *Venus* privately.

*M. B.* Because this Gentleman is engag'd Ile try.

*Dance.*

Will you excuse me yet.

*La.* Play excuse me, yes any thing you'le call for.

*Ca.* This motion every morning will be wholsome  
And beneficiall to your body Sir.

*M. B.* So, so.

*Ca.* Your pretty lump requires it.

*M. B.* Wheres my sword, sir I have bin your hobby horse.

*Ca.* You danc't something like one.

*M. B.* Ieere on my whimsy Lady.

*Bo.* Pray impute it

No trespassse studdied to affront you Sir,  
But to the merry passion of a Bridegrome.

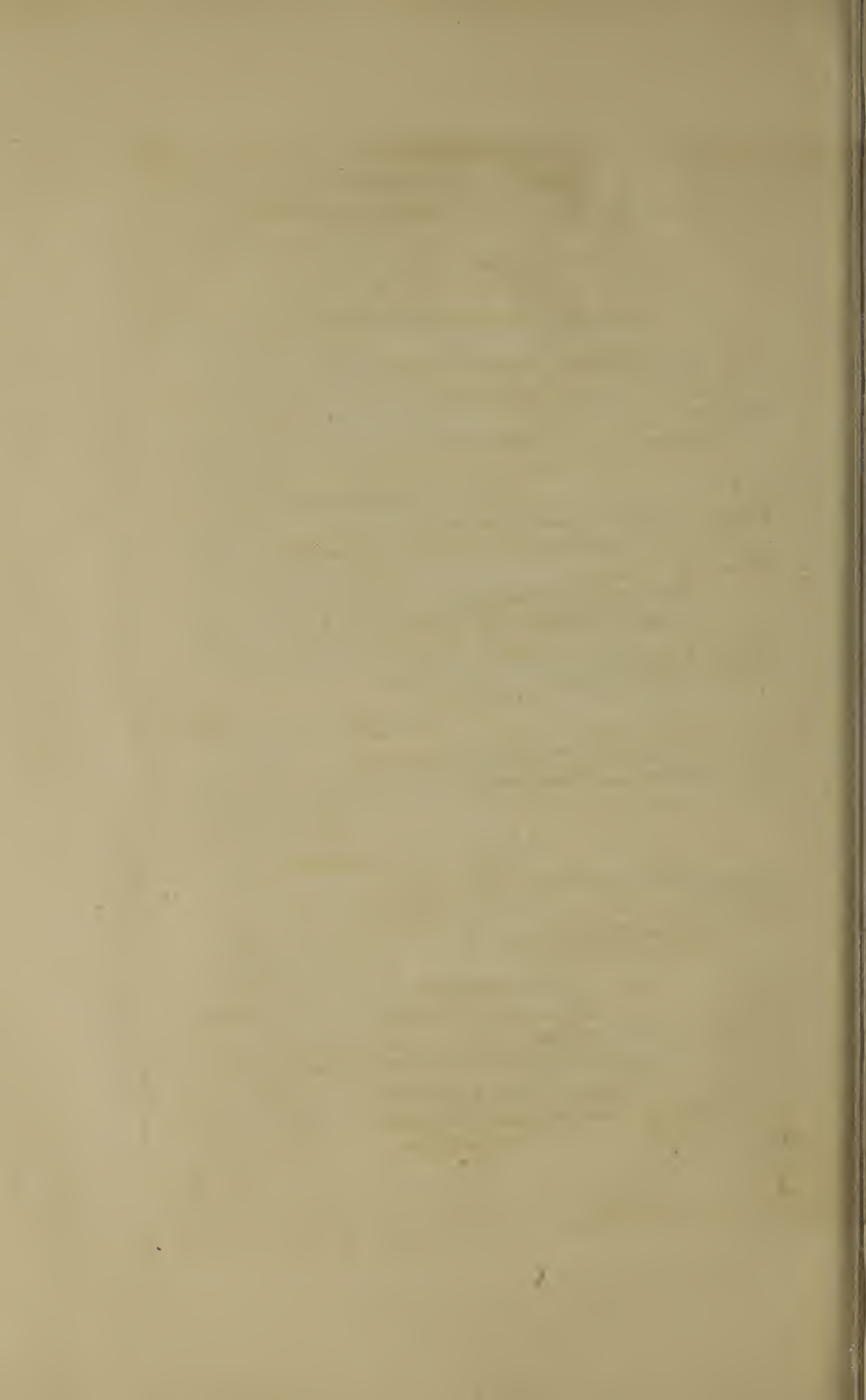
*La.* Prethee stay, weele to *Hide Parke* together!

*M. B.* There you meet with Morrisdancers, for  
You Lady I wish you more joy, so farewell.

*La.* Comes, ha tother wherle, lustily boyes!

They







*Hill Parke.*

*They Dance in.*

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Maister Fairefeild and his Sister Islietta.*

*Iu.* You are resolv'd then.

*Fa.* I have no other care left,  
And if I doo't not quickly my affection  
May be too farre spent, and all physicke will  
Be cast away.

*Iu.* You will shew a Manly fortitude!

*Fa.* When saw you Maister Tryer?

*Iu.* Not since yesterday!

*Fa.* Are not his visits frequent?

*Iu.* He does see me sometimes!

*Fa.* Come! I know thou lov'st him! and he will  
Deserve it, hee's a pretty gentleman.

*Iu.* It was your Character, that first commended  
Him to my thoughts!

*Fa.* If he be slow to answer it  
Hee loses me againe, his minde more then  
His fortune gain'd me to his praise, but I  
Trifle my pretious time.

*Enter Tryer.*

Farewell! al my good wishes stay with thee.

*Exit.*

*Iu.* And mine attend you! Maister Tryer.

*Tr.* I come to kisse your hand.

*Iu.* And take your leave.

*Tr.* Onely to kis't againe!

*Iu.* You begin to be a stranger! in two mornings  
Not one visit, where you professe affection.

*Tr.* I should be surfetted with happinesse  
If I should dwell here,

*Iu.* Surfets in the Spring  
Are dangerous, and yet I never heard,  
A lover would absent him from his Mistris  
Through feare to be more happy; but I allow  
That for a Complement, and dispute not with you  
A reason of your actions I y'are now welcome  
And though you should be guilty of neglect,  
My love would over-come any suspicion.

*D.*

*Enter.*

*Hide Parke.*

*Enter Servant and Page.*

*Tr.* You are all goodnesse  
With me prethee admit him !

*Pa.* Sir, my Lord saw you enter, and desires  
To speake with you !

*Tr.* His Lordship shall command, where is he ?

*Pa.* Below Sir !

*Tr.* Say, I instantly waite on him ?  
Shall I presume upon your favour Lady ?

*In.* In what !

*Tr.* That I may entreate him hither, you will honour me  
To bid him welcome, he is a gentleman  
To whom I owe all services, and in his world I am  
himselfe is worthy of your entertainment.

*In.* If he be yours command me !

*Tr.* My Lord ! excuse

*Enter Bon.*

*Lo.* Nay I prevent your trouble—Lady I am  
Your humble servant, pardon my intrusion  
I have businesse, only I saw you enter.

*Tr.* Your Lordship honours me.

*Lo.* What gentlewoman's this.

*Tr.* Wy—

*Lo.* A Lady of pleasure, I like her eye, it has  
A pretty twirle, wot-will she bid one welcome.

*Tr.* Be confident my Lord, sweete Lady pray  
Assure his Lordship he is welcome,

*In.* I want words.

*Lo.* Oh sweete Lady your lip in silence  
Speakes the best language.

*In.* Your Lordship's welcome to this humble roofe !

*Lo.* I am confirm'd.

*Tr.* If your knew Lady, what  
Perfection of honour dwels in him,  
You would be studious with all ceremony  
To enter tame him ! beside, to me  
His Lordship's goodnes hath so flow'd, you cannot  
study, what will oblige more then in his welcome ?

*Lo.* Come, you Complement !

*In.*







*Hide Parke.*

*In.* Though I want both ability and language,  
My wishes shall be zealous to expresse me  
Your humble servant :

*Lo.* Come, that humble was  
But complement in you too.

*In.* I wood not  
Be guilty of dissembling with your Lordship,  
I know words have more proportion  
With my distance to your birth and fortune,  
Then humble servant.

*Lo.* I doe not love these distances.

*Tr.* You would have her be more humble, this will try her,  
If shee resist his siege, she is a brave one,  
I know hee'll put her too't, he that doth love  
Wisely, will see the trial of his Mistris,  
And what I want in impudence my selfe,  
Another may supply for my advantage,  
He frame excuse!

*Lo.* *Franke* thou art melancholy!

*Tr.* My Lord I now reflected on a businesse,  
Concernes me equall with my fortune, and  
It is the more unhappy that I must,  
So rudely take my leave.

*Lo.* What? not so soone.

*Tr.* Your honours pardon.

*In.* Are you sir in earnest!

*Tr.* Love will instruct you to interpret fairly,  
They are affaires that cannot be dispenced with,  
I leave this noble gentleman,

*In.* Hee's a stranger,  
You wonot use me well, and shew no care  
Of me, nor of my honour, I pray stay!

*Tr.* Thou hast vertue to secure all, I am confident,  
Temptations will shake thy innocence,  
No more then waves, that clime a Rocke, which soonē  
Betray their weakenesse, and discover thee,  
More cleare and more impregnable  
How is this?



*Hide Parke.*

*Tr.* Farewell, I will not sin against your honours clemency  
To doubt your pardon.

*Lo.* Well and there be no remedy I shall see you  
Anon ith Parke, the Match holds, I am not willing  
To leave you alone Lady.

*In.* I have a servant.

*Lo.* You have many, in their number pray write me,  
I shall be very dutifull.

*In.* Oh my Lord!

*Lo.* And when I have done a fault I shall be instructed,  
But with a smile to mend it.

*In.* Done what fault?

*Lo.* Faith none at all, if you but thinke so.

*In.* I thinke your Lordship would not willingly  
Offend a woman.

*Lo.* I would never hurt em,  
Thas bin my study still to please those women,  
That fell within my conversation.  
I am very tender hearted to a Lady,  
I can denie em nothing.

*In.* The whole sex is bound to you.

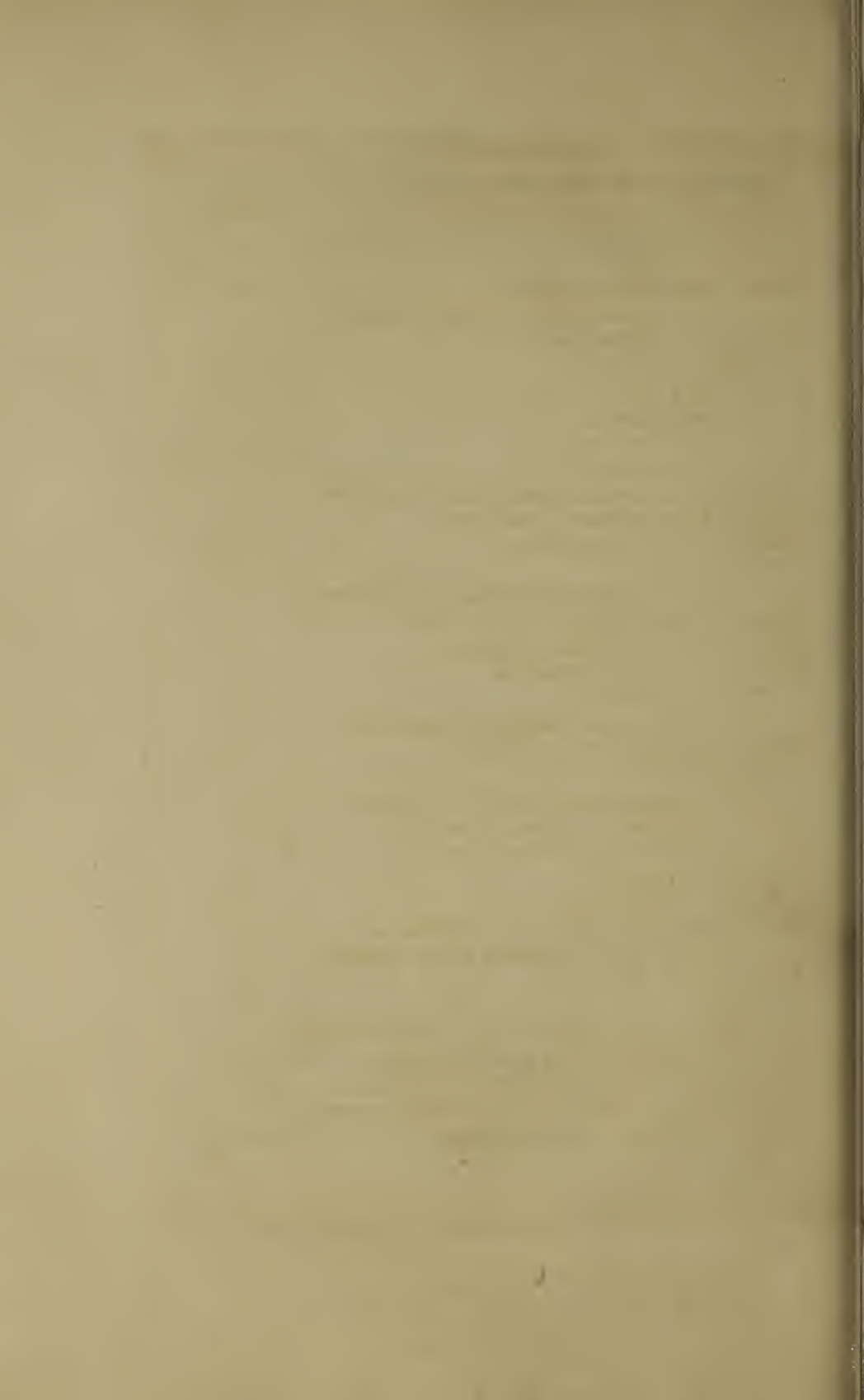
*Lo.* If they well considered things,  
And what a stickler I am in their cause,  
The common cause, but most especially  
How zealous I am in a Virgins honour,  
As all true Knights should be, no woman could  
Deny me hospitality, and let downe,  
When I desire acceffe, the rude Portcullicē,  
I have a naturall sympathy with faire ones,  
As they do, I do! theres no handsome woman  
Complaines, that she has lost her maidenhead:  
But I wish mine had bin lost with it.

*In.* Your Lordship's merry!

*Lo.* Tis because you looke pleasant,  
A very handsome Lodging, is there any  
Accomodations that way.

*In.* Ther's a garden,  
Wilt please your Lordship tast the ayre on't.





*Hide Parke.*

*Lo.* I meant other conveniency, but if  
You please Ile waite upon you thither.

*Exeunt.*

*Pa.* You and I had better stay, and in their absence  
Exercise one another.

*Wait.* How meane you Page.

*Pa.* Ile teach you away that we may follow em,  
And not remove from hence.

*Wa.* How prethee?

*Pa.* Shall I begge your lip?

*W.* I cannot spare it.

*Pa.* Ile give you both mine.

*W.* What meanes the Child?

*Pa.* Because I have no upper lip, dee scorne me?  
I ha kist Ladies before now, and have  
Beene sent for to their Chambers.

*W.* You, sent for!

*Pa.* Yes, and beene trusted with their Clossets too!  
We are such pretty things, we can play at  
All hid under a Fardingale; how long  
Have you bin a waiting creature?

*W.* Not a moneth yet.

*Pa.* Nay then I cannot blame your ignorance,  
You have perhappes your maidenhead.

*W.* I hope so.

*Pa.* Oh lamentable! away with it for shame,  
Chaffer it with the Coachman, for the credit  
Of your profession, do not keepe it long,  
Tis fineable in Court.

*W.* Good Maister Page,  
How long have you bin skild in those affaires?

*Pa.* Ere since I was in Breeches, and youle finde  
Your honesty so troublesome.

*W.* How so.

*Pa.* When you have truck'd away your Maidenhead,  
You have excuse lawfull, to put off gamesters,  
For you may sweare, and give em satisfaction,  
You have not what they lookt for, beside the benefit  
Of being impudent as accasion serves.



*Hide Parke.*

A thing much in request, with waiting creatures,  
We Pages can instruct you in that quality,  
So you be tractable.

*W.* The boy is wild.

*Pa.* And you will leade me a Chase, ilē follow you, *Exeunt.*

*Enter Caroll, Rider, and Venture.*

*Ca.* Why, did you ever thinke, I could affect

Of all men living such a thing as you are.

What hope, or what encouragement did I give you

Because I tooke your Diamond, must you presently

Bound like a ston'd horse.

*Rid.* Shee's a very Colt !

*Ca.* Cause you can put your hat of like a dancēr,

And make a better legge, then you were borne to,

For to say, truth your calfe is well amended,

Must this so overtake me, that I must

Strait fall in love w'e yee, one step to Church,

Another into the Sheets, more to a bargain

Y'are wide a bow, and some thing over shot.

*Ven.* Then this is all that I must trust to, you  
Will never ha me ?

*Ca.* In my right minde, I thinkē so

Why, prethee tell me what I should do with thee ?

*Ven.* Can you finde nothing to do with me !

*Ca.* To finde any Monkey spiders, were an officē  
Perhappes you would not execute !

*Ven.* Y'are a gipsy !

And none of the twelue *Sibills* in-a Tarverne,

Have such a tand complexion, there be Dogges

And Horses in the world.

*Ca.* They'le kepe you company !

*Ven.* Tell me of Spiders ?

Ilē wring your Monkeys necke off.

*Ca.* And then puzzle

Your braine to make an Elegie, which shalbē sung

To the tune of the devill and the baker, good !

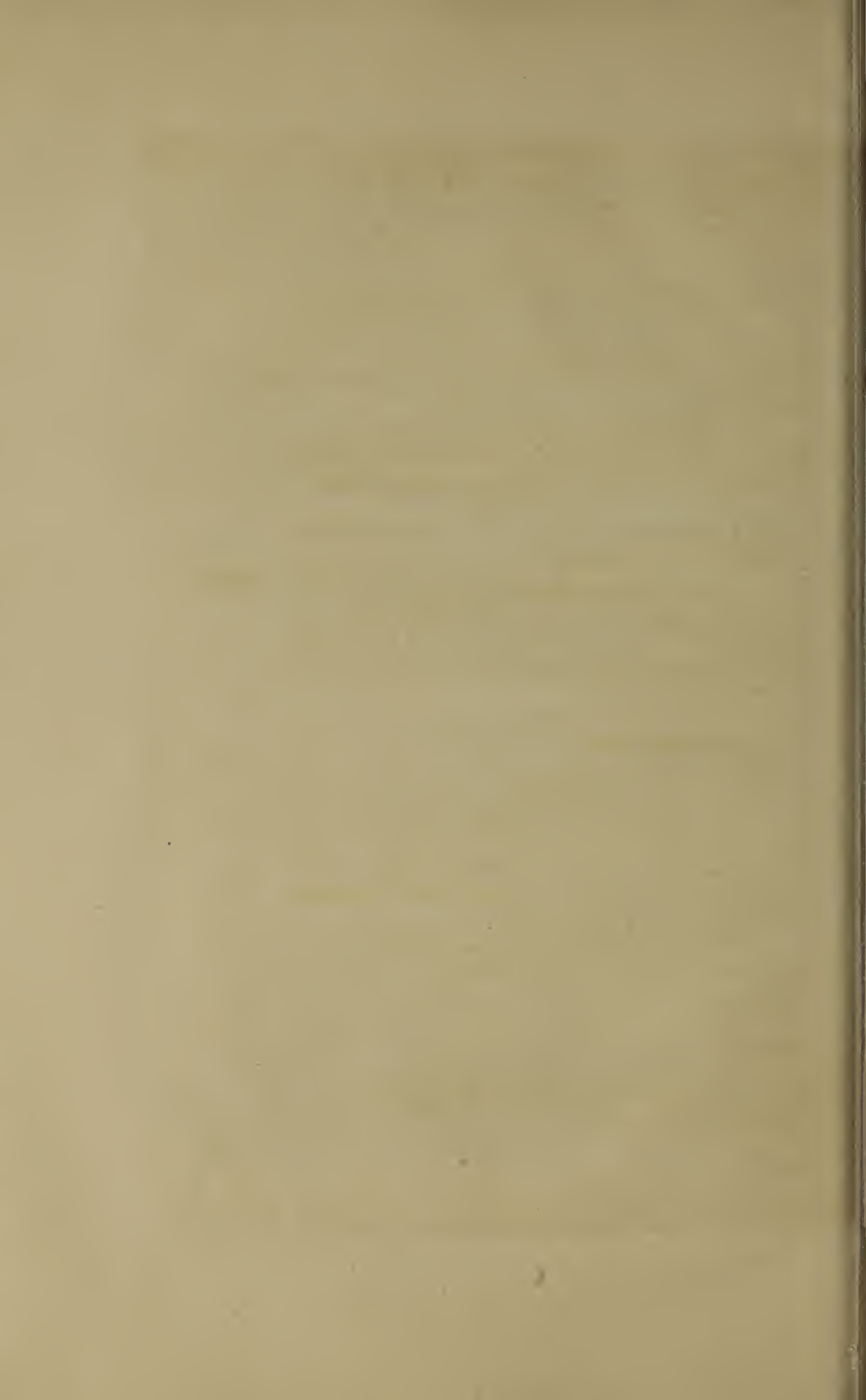
You have a pretty ambling wit in Summer,

Dec let out, or keepe for your owne

*Riding.*







Riding, who holdes your stirrop, while you jump  
Into a jest, to the endangering  
Of your ingenious quodlibets.

*Rid.* Come tha't said enough.

*Ca.* To him, you would have some.

*Rid.* Some testimony of your love, if it please you.

*Ca.* Indeed I have heard you are a pretious gentleman,  
And in your younger could play at trap well.

*Rid.* Fare you well gentlewoman, by this light a devill,  
Ile follow my old game of horse-rasing.

*Ven.* I could teare her Ruffe ! I wo'd thou wort  
A Whore then ide be reveng'd, and bring the Prentices  
To arraigne thee on Shrovetuesday, a pox upon you.

*Enter Fairefeild.*

*Ca.* A third man, a third man, two faire gamesters.

*Rid.* For shame lets goe !

*Ca.* Will you stay gentleman; you ha no more wit, *Bait!*  
To venter, keepe your heads warme in any case,  
There may be dregges in the bottome othe braine pan,  
Which may turne to somewhat in seven yeares, and set  
You up againe, now Sir.

*Fa.* Lady I am come to you.

*Ca.* It does appeare so.

*Fa.* To take my leave.

*Ca.* Tis granted Sir god buy.

*Fa.* But you must stay and heare a little more,  
I promise not to trouble you with Courtship,  
I am as weary as you can be displeased woot.

*Ca.* On these conditions, I would have the patience  
To heare the brasen head speake.

*Fa.* Whether, or how I purpose to dispose  
My selfe hereafter, as I know you have  
No purpose to enquire, I have no great  
Ambition to discourse, but how I have  
Studied your faire opinion, I remit  
To time, and come now only to request  
Th at you would grant, in lew of my true service  
One boone at parting.

*Ca.*

*Ca.* Forboone ! proceede !

*Fa.* But you must sweare to performe truly what  
I shall desire, and that you may not thinke  
I come with any cunning to deceive you,  
You shall except what ere you would deny me,  
And after all Ile make request.

*Ca.* How's this?

*Fa.* But it concernes my life, or what can else,  
Be neerer to me that you sweare.

*Ca.* To what?

*Fa.* When you have made exceptions and thought,  
What things in all the world you will exempt,  
From my petition, Ile be confident  
To tell you my desire.

*Ca.* This is faire play !

*Fa.* I would not for an Empire by a trick  
Oblige you to performe, what should displease you.

*Ca.* This is a very strange request ; are you in earnest ;  
Ere you begin shall I except ? tis oddes  
But I may include, what you have a minde to, then  
Wheres your petition ?

*Fa.* I will runne that hazard.

*Ca.* You will, why looke you ; for a little mirthes sake,  
And since you come so honestly, because  
You shannot say, I am compos'd of Marble,  
I doe consent.

*Fa.* Sweare !

*Ca.* I am not come to that,  
Ile first set bounds to your request, and when  
I have left nothing for you worth my grant,  
Ile take a zealous oath to grant you any thing.

*Fa.* You have me at your mercy !

*Ca.* First, you shannot  
Desire that I should love you !

*Fa.* That's first, proceede !

*Ca.* No more but proceede, dee know what I say.

*Fa.* Your first exception forbid's to aske  
That you should love me.

*Ca.*







Ca. And you are contented.

Fa. I must be so.

Ca. What in the name of wonder will he aske me,  
You shall not desire me to marry you.

Fa. That's the second.

Ca. You shall neither directly, nor indirectly wish me to  
lye with you,  
Have I not clipt the wings of your conceipt.

Fa. That's the third.

Ca. That's the third, is there any thing a young man would  
Desire of his Mis, when he must neither love, marry, nor lye

Fa. My suite is still untoucht. (with her.)

Ca. Suite! if you have another suite tis out of fashion,  
Ye cannot begge my state, yet I would willingly  
Give part of that to be rid on thee.

Fa. Not one Jewell.

Ca. You wo'd not have me spoyle my face, drinke poyson,  
Or kill any body.

Fa. Goodnesse forbid that I should wish your danger.

Ca. Then you wo'd not ha me ride through the Citty naked,  
As once a Princeesse of England did through Coventry.

Fa. All my desires are modest.

Ca. You shall not begge my Parrat nor intreate me  
To fast, or weare a hayre smocke.

Fa. None of these.

Ca. I wonot be confin'd to make me ready  
At tenne, and pray till dinner, I will play  
At glecke as often as I please, and see  
Playes when I have a minde to't and the races,  
Though men sho'd runne *Adamits* before me.

Fa. None of these trench on what I have to aske.

Ca. Why then I swear ——— stay  
You shannot aske me before company  
How old I am, a question most untoothsome,  
I know not what to say more, Ile not be  
Bound from spring garden, and the Sparagus.  
I wo't not have my tongue tyde up, when I've  
a minde to jeere my suitors, among which

Your worship shall not doubt to be remembred,  
 For I must have my humor, I am sicke else;  
 I will not be compeld to heare your sonnets,  
 A thing before, I thought to advise you of,  
 Your words of hard concoction rude Poetry  
 Have much impayred my health, try sence another while  
 And calculate some prose according to  
 The elevation of our pole at *London*,  
 As sayes the learned Almanacke—but come on  
 And speake your minde, I ha done, I know not what  
 More to except, if it be none of these  
 And as you say feazable on my part,  
 I sweare.

*Fa.* By what.

*Ca.* For once a kisse, it may be a parting blow;  
 By that I will performe what you desire.

*Fa.* In few words thus receive it, by that oath  
 I binde you, never to desire my company  
 Hereafter, for no reason to affect me,  
 This I am sure was none of your exceptions.

*Ca.* What has the man sayd?

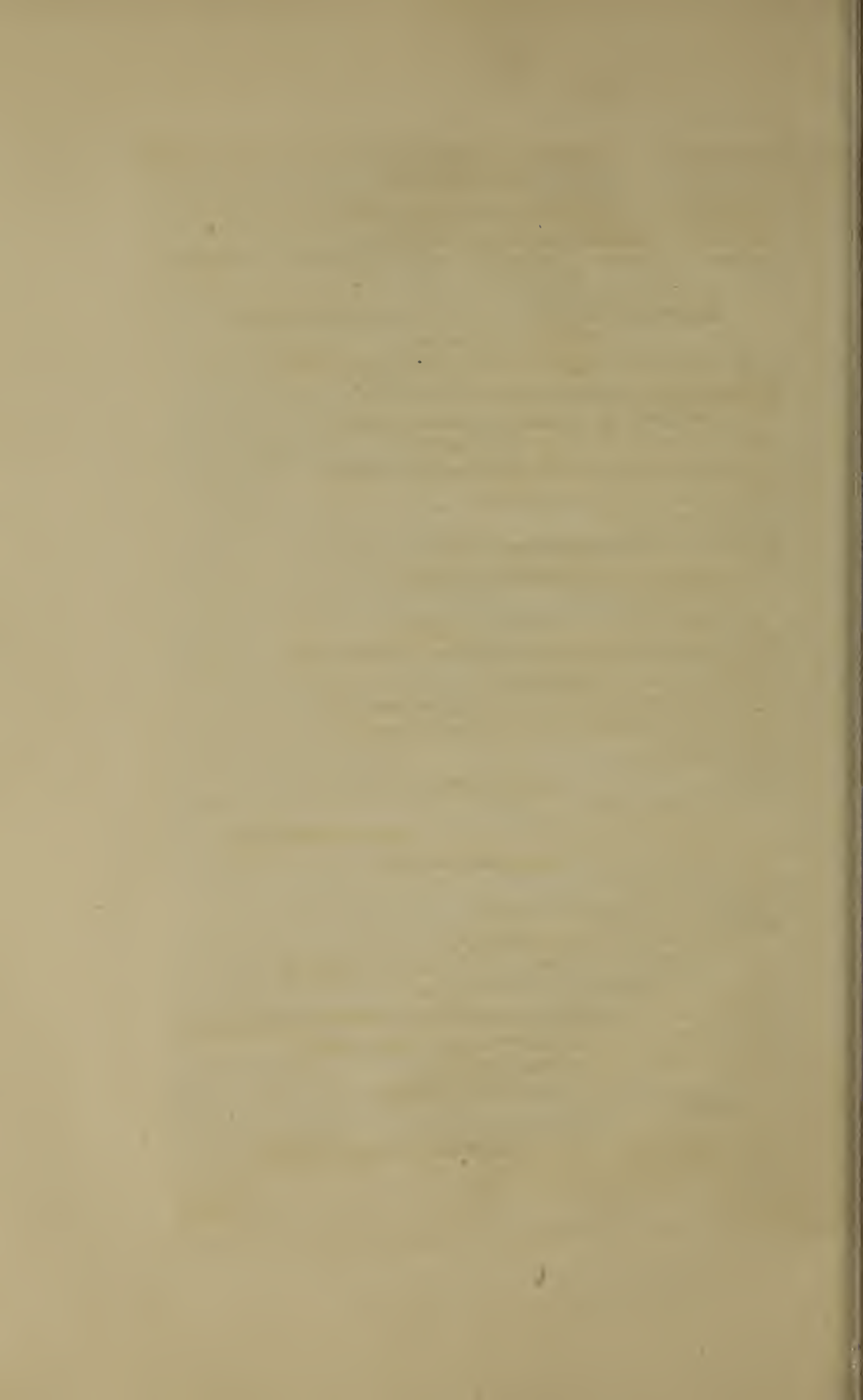
*Fa.* Tis cleere, I am confident  
 To your understanding.

*Ca.* You have made me sweare  
 That I must never love you, nor desire  
 Your company.

*Fa.* I know you will not violate,  
 What you have sworne, so all good thoughts possesse you.

*Ca.* Was all this circumstance for this? I never *Exit.*  
 Found any inclination to trouble him  
 With too much love, why should he binde me from it,  
 And make me sweare, an oath that for the present,  
 I had no affection to him, had beene reasonable,  
 But for the time to come, never to love,  
 For any cause or reason, that may move me  
 Hereafter, very strange, I know not what to thinke on't,  
 Although I never meant, to thinke well on him,  
 Yet to be limited, and be prescrib'd,







*Hide Parke.*

I must not doe it? twas a poore tricke in him,  
But Ile goe practise something to forget it.

*The third Act.*

*Enter Lord Bonville, Mistresse Iulietta, Fairefield,  
with their Attendants.*

*Lo.* Lady y<sup>e</sup> are welcome to the spring, the Parke  
Lookes fresher to salute you, how the birds  
On every tree sing; with more cheerefullnesse  
At your accesse, as if they prophecyed  
Nature would dye, and resigne her providence  
To you, sit onely to succcede her.

*In.* You expresse  
A Master of all Complement, I have  
Nothing but plaine humilitie, my Lord  
To answere you.

*Lo.* But ile speake our owne English,  
Hang these affected straines, which we sometimes  
Practise, to please the curiosity  
Of talking Ladyes, by this lippe th<sup>art</sup> welcome,  
Ile sweare a hundred oathes upon that booke,  
An't please you.

*Enter Tryer.*

*Tr.* They are at it.

*In.* You shall not need my Lord, I'me not incredulous,  
I doe beleeve your honour, and dare trust  
For more than this.

*Lo.* I wonot breakē my credit  
With any Lady that dares trust me.

*In.* She had a cruell heart, that would not venture  
Vpon the ingagement of your honour.

*Lo.* What? what durst thou venture now, and be plainē wo'me

*In.* There's nothing in the verge of my command  
That should not serve your Lordship.

*Lo.* Speake, speake truth and flatter not,  
Vpon what security?

*In.* On that which you propounded sir, your honour,  
It is above all other obligation,

Hide Parke.

And he that's truly noble will not stainē it.

*Lo.* Vpon my honour will you lend me then  
But a nights lodging.

*In.* How sir.

*Lo.* She is angry

I shall obtaine, I know the tricke ont, had

She yeelded at the first it had beene fatall.

*In.* It seemes your Lordship speakes to one you know not.

*Lo.* But I desire to know you better Lady.

*In.* Better ! I should desire my Lord.

*Lo.* Better or worse, if you dare venture one,  
He hazard t' other.

*In.* Tis your Lordships mirth.

*Lo.* Y<sup>e</sup> are in the right, tis the best mirth of all.

*In.* He not beleeeve my Lord you meane so wantonly,

As you professe.

*Lo.* Refuse me if I doe not

Not meane? I hope you have more Charity

Then to suspect, He not performe as much,

And more than I ha said, I know my fault,

I am too modest when I undertake,

But when I am to Act let me alone.

*Tr.* You shall be alone no longer

My good Lord.

*Lo.* *Franck Tryer.*

*Tr.* Which side holds your honour.

*Lo.* I am o' thy side *Franck.*

*Tr.* I thinke so ! for

All the Park's against me, but 6. to 4.

Is oddes enough.

*In.* Is it so much against you.

*Tr.* Lady I thinke tis two, to one.

*Lo.* We were on even termes till you came hither.

I finde her yeelding, and when they doe run.

*Tr.* They say presently.

*Lo.* Will you venture any thing Lady?

*Tr.* Perhaps she reserves her selfe for the horse race.

*In.* There I may venture somewhat with his Lordship.

*Lo.*

*Lo.* That







*Hide Parke.*

*Lo.* That was a witty one.

*Tr.* You will be doing.

*La.* You are for the footemen.

*Tr.* I runne with the Company.

*Enter Rider, and Venture.*

*Ven.* Ile goe your halfe.

*Ri.* No thanke you Iacke, would I had tennē peeces more  
*On't.*

*Lo.* Which side?

*Ri.* On the Irishman.

*Lo.* Done ! Ile maintaine the English,

As many more with you, I love to cherish

Our owne Countrymen.

*Ven.* Tis done my Lord.

*Tr.* Ile rooke for once, my Lord Ile hold you twenty more

*Lo.* Done with you too.

*In.* Your Lordship is very confident.

*Lo.* Ile lay with you too.

*Tr.* Lye with her he meanes,

*Lo.* Come, you shall venture something,

What gold against a kisse, but if you lose,

You shall pay it formally downe upon my lippe.

*Tr.* Though she should winne, it would be held extortion  
To take your money.

*In.* Rather want of modesty,

A great sinne if you observe the circumstance,

I see his Lordshippe has a disposition

To be merry, but proclaime not this free laye

To every one, some women in the world

Would hold you all day.

*Lo.* But not all night sweete Lady.

*Ven.* Will you not see 'em my Lord ?

*Lo.* Franck Tryar, youle waite upon this gentlewoman.

I must among the gamesters, I shall quickly

Returne to kisse your hand.

*Tr.* How deepe is this gallant.

*In.* Hee's one it becomes not me to censure.

*Tr.* Dec not, finde him coming, a wilde gentleman



*Hide Parke*

You may in time convert him.

*In.* You made me acquainted with him to that purpose;  
It was your confidence, Ile do what I can,  
Because he is your noble Friend, and one  
In whom was hid so much perfection  
Of honour, for at first 'twas most invisible,  
But it begins to appeare, and I do perceive  
A glimring, it may breake out a flame,  
I shall know all his thoughts at our next conference;  
He has a secret to impart he sayes  
only to me.

*Tr.* And will you heare it?

*In.* Yes Sir, if it be honourable there is no harme in't;  
If otherwise you do not doubt my innocence.

*Tr.* But do not tempt a danger.

*In.* From his Lordship.

*Tr.* I do not say from him.

*In.* From mine owne frailty.

*Tr.* I dare not conclude that but from the matter  
Of his discourse, on which there may depend  
A circumstance that may not prove so happy.

*In.* Now I must tell you, Sir, I see your heart;

Is not so just as I deserve, you have

Engag'd me to his conversation,

Provok'd by jealous thoughts, and now your fears

Betrayes your want of goodnes, for he never

was right at home, that dare suspect his Mistris;

Can love degenerate in noble breasts,

Collect the arguments, that could invite you

To this unworthy tryall, bring them to

My forehead, where you shall inscribe their names

For virgins to blush at me, if I do not

Fairely acquit my selfe.

*Tr.* Nay be not passionate.

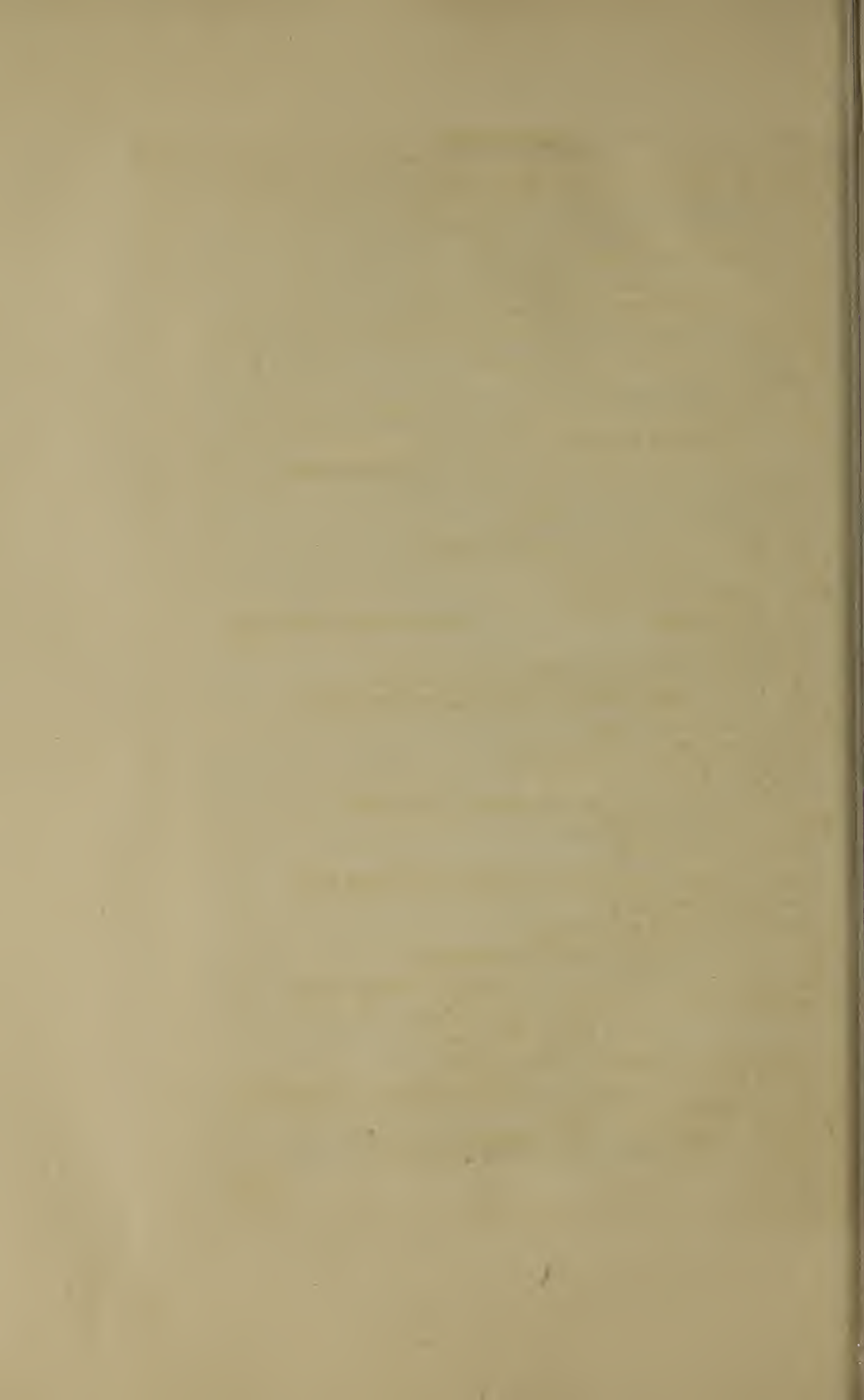
*In.* I am not Sir so guilty to be angry,

But you shall give me leave unlesse you will

Declare, you dare not trust me any further,

Not to breake off so rudely with his Lordship;





*Hist. Parkin*

I Will heare what he meanes to say to me,  
And if my counsell may prevaile with you,  
You shannot interrupt us, have but patience  
Ile keepe the story for you, and assure me  
My ends have no base mixture; not my love  
To you could bribe me to the least dishonour,  
Much lesse a stranger, since I have gone so farre  
By your commission, I will proceede  
A little further at my perrill Sir.

*Tr.* I know thou art proofe against a thousand Engins,  
Pursue what waies you please.

*Enter Lacy, Mistris Bonavent. and Mistris Caroll.*

*Lu.* This morning married?

*Tr.* That your brothers Mistris.

*Lu.* She that Ieres all within Gunshotte.

*Tr.* In the way of Suiters,  
She is reported such a tyrant.

*Lu.* My Brother.

*Fa. Frank Tryer.*

*Lu.* Brother do you know that gentlewoman?

*Fa.* Tis she, then you and I mult seeme more familer,  
And you shannot be angry.

*Lu.* What gentlewomans that?

*Tr.* She does not know thee.

*Ca.* Was this his reason, pray if you love me lets  
Walke by that gentleman.

*Lu.* Master Fairefeild.

*Ca.* Is that well trust gentleman one of them that run?

*Bo.* Your sweet heart.

*Ca.* Ha, ha, Ide laugh at that  
If you allow a bushell of salt to acquaintance,  
Pray vouchsafe two words to a bargain while you live.  
I scarce remember him, keepe in great heart.

*Enter Master Bonavent.*

*Lu.* Oh Sir you are very well met here.

*M. B.* We are met indeed, Sir thanke you for your musick.

*Lu.* It is not so much worth.

*M. B.* I made you merry Master Bridegrome.

*Lu.*



*Hide Parke.*

*La.* I could not choose but laugh.

*M. B.* Be there any races here.

*La.* Yes Sir horse and foote.

*M. B.* Youle give me leave to take my Course then.

*Ca.* This is the Capraine that did Dance.

*M. B.* Not so nimble as your wit, pray let me askē you a question, I heare that gentlewoman's married.

*Ca.* Married without question Sir.

*M. B.* Dee think he has bin aforehand.

*Ca.* How dee meane.

*M. B.* In English has he plaid the forward gamester. And turnd up trump.

*Ca.* Before the Cards be shuffled? I lay my life you meane a coate Card Deale againe, you gave one to many In the last tricke, yet Ile tell thee what I thinke.

*M. B.* What?

*Ca.* I thinke she and you might ha shewnē more wit.

*M. B.* Why she and I?

*Ca.* She to ha kept her selfe a Widdow, and You not to have asked me such a foolish question, But if she had beene halfe so wise, as in My conscience she is honest, you had mist That excellent occasion, to shew Your notable skill in dancing, but it pleasd The learned destinies to put things together, And so we separate.

*M. B.* Fare yee well Mistris.

*Ca.* Come hither, go to that gentleman *Mr. Fairefeild.*

*Bo.* Prethee sweete heart who runnes?

*La.* An Irish and an English footeman.

*Bo.* Will they runne this way?

*La.* Iust before you, I must have a bee.

*Bo.* Nay, nay you shannot leave me.

*Ca.* Do it discretely, I must speake to him, To ease my heart I shall burst else,

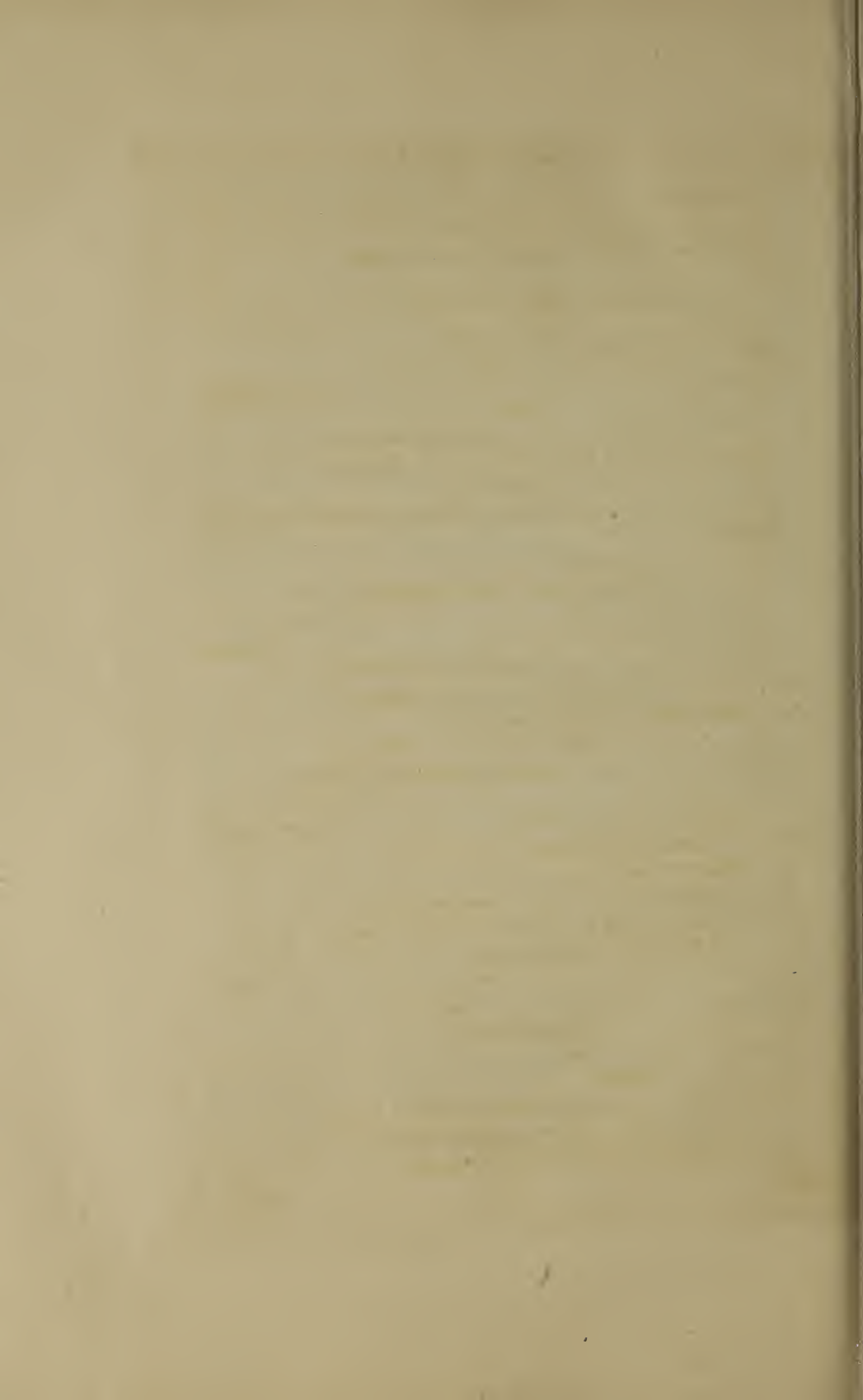
Weele expect em here, Cousen, do they runne naked?

*Bo.* That werē a most immodest sight.

*Ca.*







*Hide Parke.*

*Ca.* Here have bin such fellowes, Cousen?

*Bo.* It would fright the women I.

*Ca.* Some are of opinion it brings us hither,  
Harke what a confusion of tongues there is,  
Let you and I venture a paire of Gloves  
Vpon their feete, Ile take the Irish.

*Bo.* Tis done, but you shall pay if you lose.

*Ca.* Heres my hand, you shall have the Gloves if you winne.

*Bo.* I thinke they are started.

*The Runners, after them the Gentlemen.*

*Omnes.* A Teag, A Teag, make way for shame.

*Lo.* I hold any man forty peeces yet.

*Ven.* A hundred pound to ten, a hundred peeces to ten, will  
No man take me?

*M. B.* I hold you Sir.

*Ven.* Well you shall see, a Teag a Teag hey.

*Tr.* Ha well run Irish.

*Bo.* He may be in a Boggē anon.

*Exeunt.*

*Ca.* Can they tell what they doe in this Noife,  
Pray Heaven it do not breake into the Tombes  
At Westminster, and wake the dead.

*Enter Master Fairefeild and his Sister.*

*Fa.* She's yonder still, she thinks thee a new Mistris.

*In.* I observe her.

*Fa.* How goe things Franke.

*Enter Tryer.*

Prethee observé that creature.

*Tr.* She leeres this way.

*Fa.* I ha done such a strangē cure upon her,

Sh'as sent for me, and I will entreate thee Franke

To be a witnes of my triumph, tis

Now in my power to punish all her leeres,

But Ile go to her, thou shalt keepe a distance

Only to heare, how most miraculoufly

I ha brought things about.

*Tr.* The cry returnes.

*Omnes.* Make way there, a Teag, a Teag, a Teag.

*Enter Runners, and Gentlemen.*

*Ven.* Forty, fifty, a hundred peeces to ten,

*Hide Parke.*

*M. B.* I hold you.

*Ven.* Well you shall see, you shall see.

*M. B.* This gentleman does nothing but talke, he makes good No bet.

*Ven.* Talke? you prate, Ile make good what I please Sir.

*M. B.* Make the best you can o' that.

*They smite, and draw, and Exeunt.*

*Enter Lord.*

*Bon.* For heavens sake lets remove.

*Ca.* What for a naked weapon! *Exeunt.*

*Lo.* Fight gentlemen, y' are fine fellows, 'tis a noble cause, Come Lady Ile discharge your feares,  
*A Cup of Sacke, and Anthony at the Rose*  
Will reconcile their furies. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Fairefeild, and Tryer.*

*Fa.* I make a doubt whether I should go to her,  
Vpon a single summons.

*Tr.* By any meanes.

*Fa.* What women are forbidden.

They're mad to execute, she's here, be you  
It'h reach of her voyce, and see how I will humble her.

*Enter Caroll, and Rider.*

*Ca.* But keepe at some fit distance.

*Ri.* You honour me, and shall

Command me any service. *Exit.*

*Ca.* He has gone a strange way to worke with me.

*Fa.* Well advis'd, observe and laugh without a noise.

*Ca.* I am asham'd to thinke what I must say now.

*Fa.* By your leave Lady! I take it you sent for me.

*Ca.* You wonnot be so impudent, I, send for you!

By Whom or when?

*Fa.* Your servant.

*Ca.* Was a villaine if he mention'd  
I had any such desire, he told me indeed.

You courted him to entreate me that I would

Be pleas'd to give you another audience,

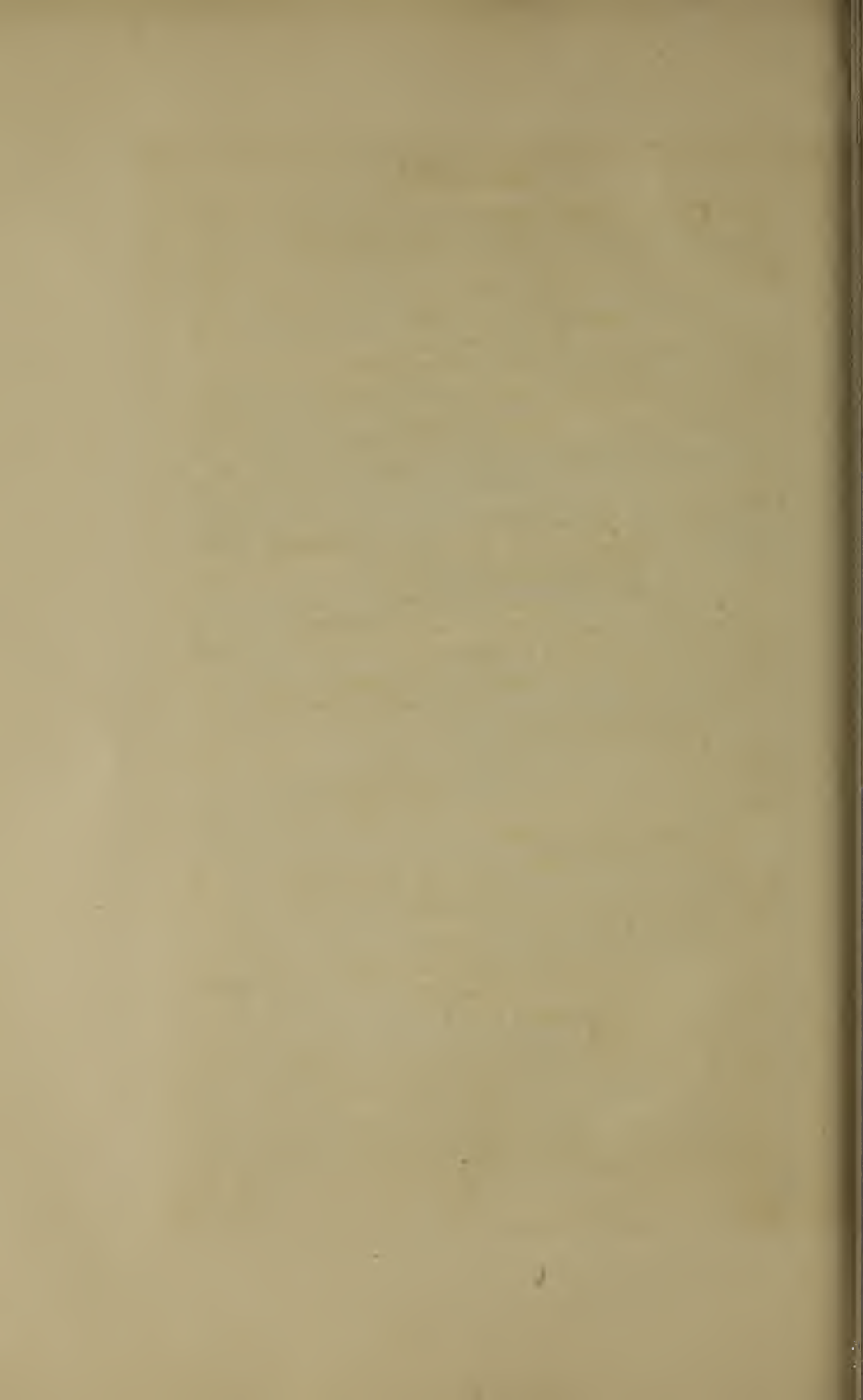
And that you s'woare, I know not what confound you,

You would not trouble me above six words.

*Fa.*







*Hide Parke.*

*Fa.* You are prettily dispos'd.

*Ca.* With much adoe you see I have consented;  
What is't you would say?

*Fa.* Nay, what is't, you would say?

*Ca.* Be you no prompter to insinuate  
The first word of your studied Oration,  
He's out on's part, come, come Ile imagine it,  
Was it not something to this purpose — Lady;  
Or Mistresse, or what you will, although  
I must confesse; you may with justice laugh at  
My most ridiculous suite, and you will say  
I am a foole.

*Fa.* You may say any thing.

*Ca.* To come a gen, whom you have so torment'd,  
For nere was simple Camomile so trod on,  
Yet still I grow in love, but since there is  
No hope to thaw your heart, I now am desperate,  
Oh give me, lend me but the silken tye,  
About your legges, which some doe call a garter,  
To hang my selfe, and I am satisfied, am not I a witch?

*Fa.* I thinke th'art past it,  
Which of the furies art thou made already,  
I shall depart the world, nere feare it Lady,  
Without a necklace, did not you send for me.

*Tr.* I shall laugh a loud fit.

*Ca.* What madnesse has  
Posselt you? have I not sworne you know by what,  
Never to thinke well of you, of all men  
Living, not to desire your companie,  
And will you still intrude, shall I be haunted  
For ever, no place give me priviledge;  
Oh man what art thou come to?

*Fa.* Oh woman;  
How farre thy tongue and heart doe live afunder,  
Come; I ha found you out, off with this vayle,  
It hides not your complexion, I doe tell thee,  
I see thy heart, and every thought within it,  
A little peevishnesse to save your credit

*Hide Parke.*

Had not beene much amisse, but this over  
Over doing the businesse it appears  
Ridiculous, like my suite as you inferred,  
But I forgive thee and forget thy trickes.  
And trillabubs, and will sweare to love thee  
Hartily; wenches must ha their wayes.

*Ca.* Pardon me sir, if I have seem'd too light,  
It was not rudenesse from my heart, but a  
Disguise to save my honour if I found  
You still incredulous.

*Fa.* I love thee better  
For thy Vagaries.

*Ca.* In vaine I see I should dissemble w'ee,  
I must confesse y'ave caught me, had you still  
Pursued the common path, I had fled from you,  
You found the constitution of women  
In me, whose will, not reason is their law,  
Most apt to doe, what most they are forbidden,  
Impatient of curbes in their desires.

*Fa.* Thou sayest right.

*Ca.* Oh love I am thy Captive, but I am forsworne,  
Am I not sir?

*Fa.* Nere thinke o' that.

*Ca.* Nere thinke on't.

*Fa.* Twas a vaine oath, and well may be dispens't with.

*Ca.* Oh sir, be more religious, I never

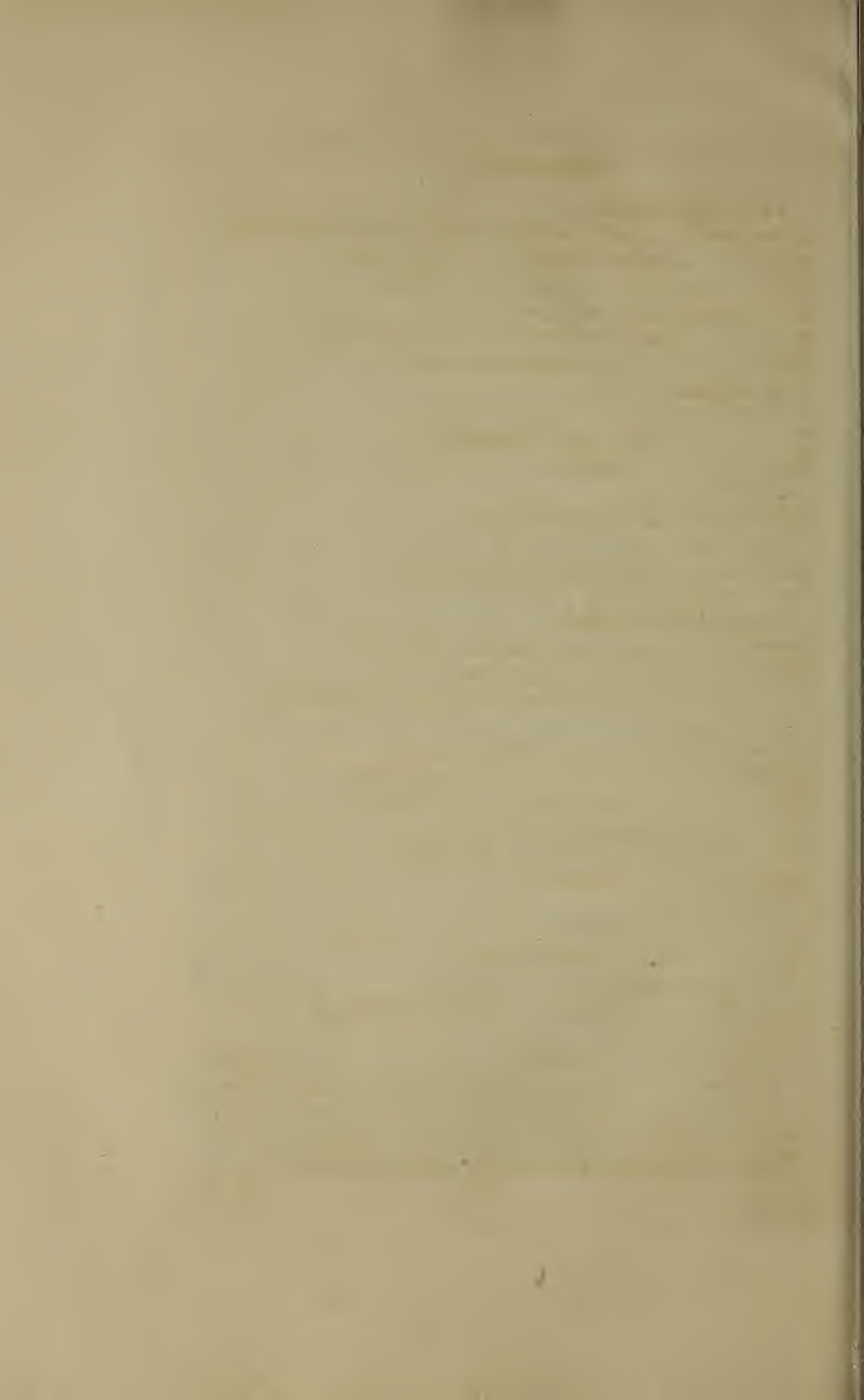
Did violate an oath in all my life,  
Though I ha bene wilde, I had a care of that,  
An oathe's a holy obligation,

And never dreaming of this chance, I tooke it  
With true intention to performe your willes,

*Fa.* Twas but a kisse, Ile give it thee agen.

*Ca.* But tis inrold in that high Court already,  
I must confesse, I could looke on you now  
With other eyes, for my rebellious heart  
Is soft and capeable of loves impression,  
Which may prove dangerous, if I cherish it,  
Haying forsworne your love.







*Hide Parke.*

*Fa.* Now I am fitted.  
I have made twiggess to ierke my selfe ——— well thought on  
You shall absolve your selfe, your oath does not  
Oblige you to performe what you excepted,  
And among them, if you remember, you  
Said you must have your humor you'd be sicke else,  
Now if your humor be to breake your oath,  
Your obligation's void.

*Ca.* You have releev'd me  
But do not triumph in your conquest sir,  
Be modest in your victory.

*Fa.* Will not you  
Fly off againe, now Y' are at large.

*Ca.* If you  
Suspect it, call some witness of my vowes,  
I will contract my selfe.

*Fa.* And I am provided,  
*Franke Tryer* appeare, and shew thy Phisnomy,  
He is a Friend of mine, and you may trust him.

*Ca.* What summe of money is it you would borrow?

*Tr.* I borow ?

*Ca.* This gentleman your friend has fully  
Possess me with your wants, nay do not blush,  
Debt is no sinne, though my owne monyes sir  
Are all abroad, yet upon good security,  
Which he answers you can put in, I will  
Speake to a friend of mine.

*Fa.* What security ?

*Ca.* Your selves, and two sufficient Aldermen,  
For men are mortall and may breake.

*Fa.* What meane you ?

*Ca.* You shall have fifty pounds for forty weekes  
To do you a pleasure.

*Fa.* Youle not use me thus ?

*Tr.* Fare you well, you have miratulously brought things

*Ca.* You worke by stratagem and Ambuscado.

Do you not thinke your selfe a proper gentleman,  
Whom by your want of haire some hold a wit too,

*Hide Parke.*

You know my heart, and every thought within it  
How I am caught; do I not melt like hony  
It h dogge daies, why do you looke so staring

*Fa.* Do not you love me for all this

*Ca.* Would I had Art enough to draw your picture,  
It would shew rarely at the exchange, you have  
A medly in your face of many Nations,  
Your Nose is Romane, which your next debauchment,  
At Taverne with the helpe of pot or candlestick  
May turne to Indian flat; your lip is Austrian,  
And you do well to bite it; for your Chihne  
It does incline to the Bavarian poke,  
But seven yeares may disguise it with a beard,  
And make it more ill favoured; you have eyes  
Especially when you goggle thus, not much  
Vnlike a Jewes, and yet some men might take em  
For Turkes, by the two halfe Moones that rise about em,  
I am an Infidell to use him thus.

*Fa.* Till now I never was my selfe, farewell  
For eyes woman, not worth love or anger.

*Ca.* Dee heare one word,  
I'de faine speake kindly to him,  
Why dost not ralle at me?

*Fa.* No, I will laugh at thee and at my selfe,  
To have bin so much a foole, y<sup>e</sup> are a fine may game.

*Ca.* I shall foole too much, but one word more,  
By all the faith and love of womankind,  
Beleeve me now, it wonot out.

*Fa.* Farewell,  
When next I dote upon thee be a Monster.

*Ca.* Harke sir the Nightingale, there is better lucke  
Comming towards us.

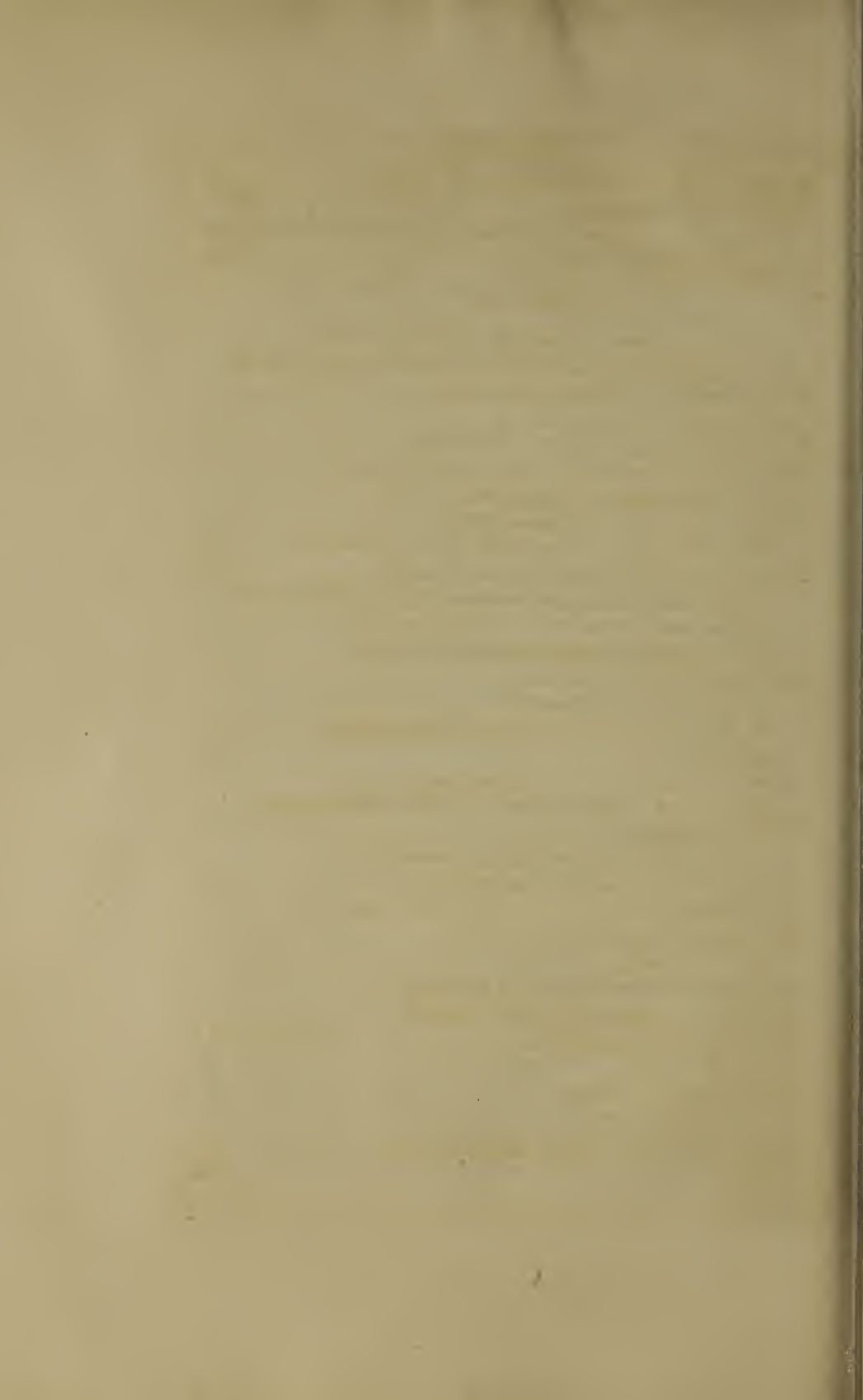
*Fa.* When you are out of breath  
You will give over, and for better lucke;

I do beleeve the bird, for I can leave thee,  
And not be in love with my owne torment.

*Ca.* How sir

*Fa.* I ha said, stay you and practise with the bird,







*Hide Parke.*

*Twas Philontel they say, and thou wert one,  
I should new ravish thee.* *Exit.*

*Ca. I must to th' Coach and weepe, my heart will break else,  
I'me glad he does not see me.* *Exit.*

*The fourth Act.*

*Bonvile, Mistresse Fairefield.*

*In. Whicher will you walke my Lord? you may engage  
Your selfe too farre and lose your sport I.*

*Lo. I would  
Goe farther for a little sport, you meane  
The horse race, they're not come into the Park yer,  
I might doe something else, and returne time  
Enough to winne five hundred peeces.*

*In. Your Lordship had no fortune in the last match,  
I wish'd your confidence a happier successe.*

*Lo. We must loose sometimes — harke the Nightingale I*

*In. You win my Lord I dare engage my selfe.*

*Lo. You make the *Omen* fortunate, this bird  
Doth prophesie good lucke.*

*In. Tis the first time I heard it.*

*Lo. And I this spring, lets walke a little further.*

*In. I am not weary but — —*

*Lo. You may trust your person Lady.*

*In. I were too much wicked to suspect your honour  
And in this place.*

*Lo. This place, the place were good enough  
If you were bad enough, and as prepar'd  
As I, there have beene stories that some have  
Strucke many deere within the Parke:*

*In. Foule play,  
If I did thinke your honour had a thought  
To Venture at unlawfull game, I should  
Ha brought lesse confidence,*

*Lo. Ha Tryer,  
What does he follow us?*

*In. To shew I dare  
Be bold upon your vertue, take no notice*

*Enter Tryer*



*Hide Parke.*

He waite him backe agen, my Lord walke forward!

*Exit.*

*Tr.* Thus farre alone? yet why doe I suspect?

Hang jealousie tis naught, it breeds too many

Wormes in our braines, and yet she might ha suffered me,

*Enter Lacy and Mistrresse Bonavent.*

Master *Lacy*, and his bride!

*Bo.* I was wont to have one alwayes in my chamber.

*La.* Thou shalt have a whole quire of Nightingales.

*Bo.* I heard it yesterday warble so prettily.

*La.* They say tis luckie, when it is the first  
Bird that salutes our eare.

*Bo.* Doe you beleewe it.

*Tr.* I am of his minde, and love a happy Augury.

*La.* Observe the first note alwayes

Cuckoo?

Is this the Nightingale?

*Bo.* Why doe you looke for?

*La.* Are not we married?

I wood not have beene a bachelour to have heard it.

*Bo.* To them they say tis fatall.

*Tr.* And to married men

Cuckoo is no delightfull note, I shall

Be superstitious.

*Bo.* Lets walke a little further.

*La.* I waite upon thee, harke still ha ha ha?

*Exit.*

*Tr.* I am not much in love with the broad ditty.

*Enter Fairstfield.*

*Fa.* Frank *Trjer*, I ha beene seeking thee  
About the Parke.

*Tr.* What to doe,

*Fa.* To be merry for halfe an houre, I finde  
A scurvie Melancholy Creepe upon me,

He trye what sacke will doe, I ha sent my footman

Toth *Maurice* for a bottle, we shall meete him,

He tell thee tother story of my Lady.

*Tr.* He waite on you.

*Fa.* But that she is my sister,

I doe ha thee forswore women, but lets walke.

*Enter*





*Hide Parke.*

*Enter Bonavent.*

*M. B.* This way they marched, I hope they wonot leape  
The pale, I do not know the disposition  
Of my capring gentleman, and therefore two'not  
Be indiscretion to observe him, thinges  
Must be a little better reconcil'd,  
The Nightingale—this can presage no hurt,  
But I shall lose my Pigeons, they are in view  
Fairē and farre off.

*Exit.*

*Enter Venture, and Rider.*

*Ven.* He must be a Pegasus that beates me.

*Ri.* Yet your confidence may deceive you, you will ride  
Against a Iockey, that has horse-manshippe.

*Ven.* A Iocky, a Iackanapes a horse-backe rather,  
A Monkey or a Mastie dogge would shew  
A Giant to him, and I were *Alexander*  
I would lay the world upon my Mare, she shall  
Run with the devill for a hundred peeces,  
Make the match who will.

*Ri.* Not I, you shall excuse me,  
Nor would I win his money.

*Ven.* Whose?

(pocket,

*Ri.* The devils, my gold has burnt this 12. moneths in my  
A little of his amongst, would scorch my thighs  
And make such tinder of my linings, that  
My breeches never after, would hold money,  
But let these passe; wheres *Lacy* and his Bride?

*Ven.* They are walk't to heare the Nightingale.

*Ri.* The Nightingale? I ha not heard one this yeare.

*Ven.* Listen, and we shall heare one presently,  
Cuckoo.

*Ven.* The bird speakes to you.

*Ri.* No tis to you.

*Ven.* Now do I suspect  
I shall lose the race.

*Ri.* Despaire for a Cuckoo.

*Ven.* A Cuckoo wo'not flatter,  
His word will goe before a gentlemans



*Hide Parke.*

It'h City ? tis an understanding bird  
And seldome failes, a Cuckoo, Ile hedge in  
My money presently.

*Ri.* For shame be confident.

*Ven.* Will you goe halfe.

*Ri.* Ile goe it all, or any thing.

*Ven.* Hang Cuckoo's then.

My Lord, *Bonvile*, *Lacy*, and his bride !

*Enter Lo. Bon. Lacy, Mistris Fairefeild, Mistris Bona.*

*Lo.* How now gentlemen?

*Ven.* Your honours servants.

*Ri.* Ladies, I kisse your hands.

*Lo.* You are the man, will run away with all

The gold anon.

*Ven.* Your Lockey must fly else.

*Ri.* Ile hold your honour thirty peeces more.

*Lo.* Tis done.

*In.* Do you ride your selfe.

*Ven.* I shall have the Raines in my owne hand *Lady.*

*Bo.* Master *Rider*, saw you not my Cousen. *Enter Carol.*

Cry mercy she is here, I thought y'ad follow'd us.

*Lo.* Your kinswoman,

I shall be honoured to be your servant *Lady.*

*Ca.* Alas my Lord youle lose by't I

What?

*Ca.* Honour me being my servant I her's a brace  
Of gentlemen will tell you as much.

*Ven.* But will say nothing for our credits.

*Bo.* You looke as you had wept.

*Ca.* I weepe ! For what?

Come toward the Lodge, and drinke a sillabub !

*Bo.* A match !

*La.* And as we walke, Iacke *Venture* thou shalt sing,

The song thou mad st ot'h horses.

*Ven.* You shall pardon me.

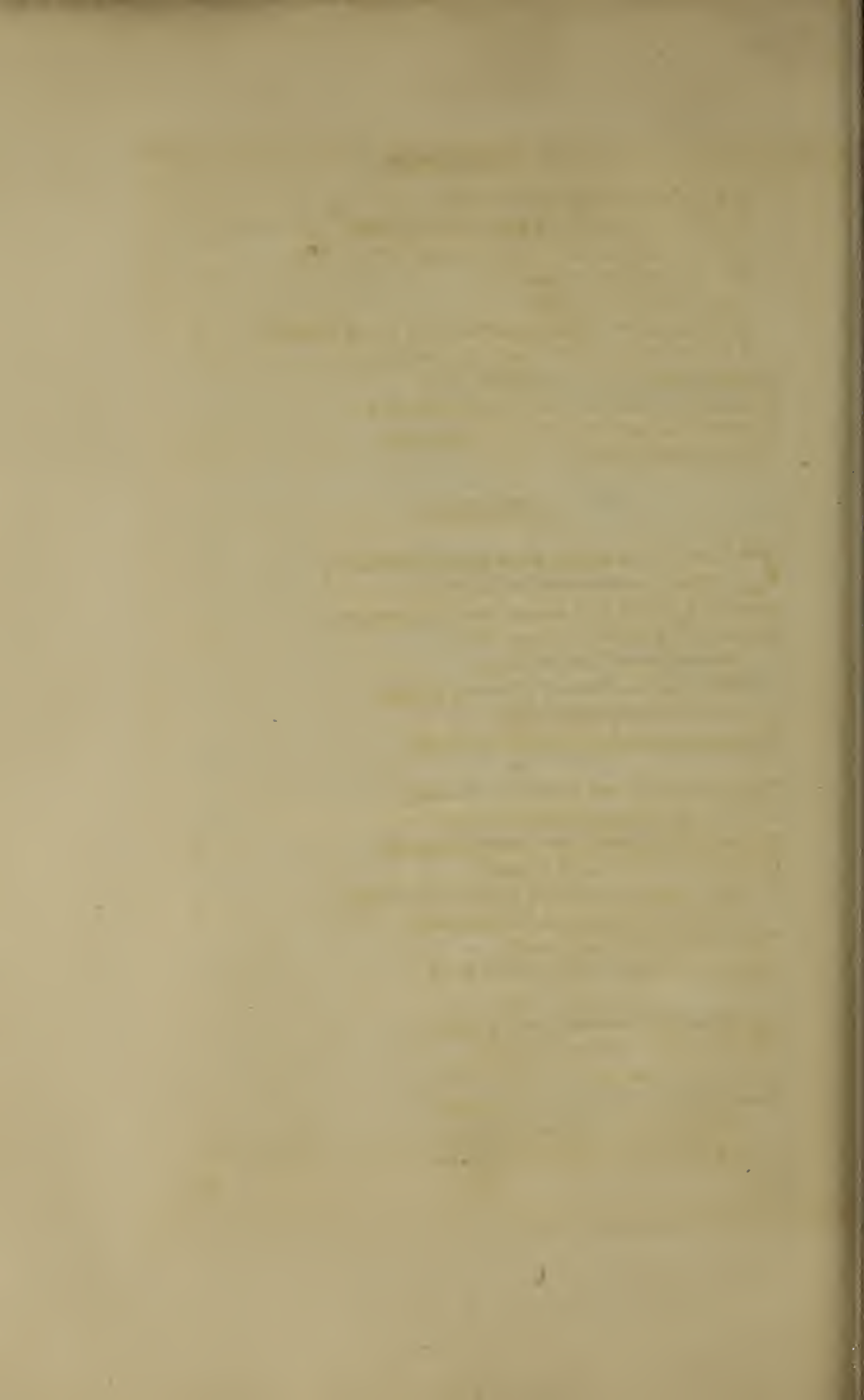
*Ri.* What among friends? my Lord if you'd speake to him.

*La.* A song by all meanes, prethee, let me.

Intreate it, what's the subject?







### *Hide Parke.*

*La.* Of all the running horses.

*Ven.* Horses and Mares put them together.

*Lo.* Lets ha't, come I heard you can sing rarely.

*Ri.* An excellent voyce.

*La.* A Ravishing tone.

*Ven.* Tis a very ballad my Lord, and a course tune.

*Lo.* The better, why does any tune become  
A gentleman so well as a ballad, hang  
Curiosity in musicke, leave those crotchets  
To men that get their living with a song,  
Come come beginne.

### *The Song.*

**C**ome Muses all that dwell nigh the fountaine,  
Made by the winged horses heele,  
Which fir'd with his rider over each Mountaine,  
Let me your galloping raptures feele.

I doe not sing of fleas, or frogges,

Nor of the well mouth'd hunting dogges.

Let me be just all praises must,

Be given to well breath'd Lillian Thrust.

2.

Young Constable and kill deerres famous,

The Cat the Mouse and Noddy Gray,

With nimble Pegabrig you cannot shame us,

With Spaniard nor with Spinola.

Hill climbing white-rose, praise doth not lacke,

Hansome Dunbar, and yellow Iack,

But if I be just all praises must,

Be given to well breath'd Lillian Thrust.

3.

Sure Spurr'd sloven, true running Robin,

Of young Shaver I doe not say lesse,

Strawbery Soame, and let Spider pop in,

Fine Brackly and brave lurching Besse.

Victorious too, was herring shotten,

And spit in's arse is not forgotten.

*Hide Parke.*

*But if I be just all honour must  
Be given to well breath'd Lillian Thrust.*

4.

*Lusty Gorge and gentlemen, harke yet,  
To wining Mackarell fine mouth'd Freake,  
Bay Tarrall that won the cup at Newmarket,  
Thandrindring tempest, black dragon eake.*

*Pretious sweetelippes, I doe not lose,  
Nor Toby with his golden shoes,  
But if I be just, all honour must,  
Be given to well breath'd Lillian Thrust.*

*Lo. Excellent, how thinke you Lady?*

*Iu. I like it very well.*

*Ca. I never thought you were a Poet sir.*

*Ven. No no, I doe but dabble.*

*Ca. You can sing early too, how were these parts  
Observ'd, invisable?*

*Ven. You may see Lady.*

*Iu. Good sir your pardon:*

*Ven. Doe you love singing, hum, la la.*

*Ca. Who would ha thought these qualitiēs were in you,*

*Ven. Now or never.*

*Ca. Why I was cosend.*

*Ven. You are not the first I ha cosend, shall I wash  
Your faces with the drops of Helicon, I ha fancies in my head.*

*Ca. Like Iupiter you want a Vulcan but  
To cleave your skull, and out peepes bright Minerva.*

*Iu. When you returne Ile tell you more my Lord.*

*Ven. Give me a subject.*

*Bo. Prethee Cose doe.*

*Ca. Let it be how much you dare suffer for me.*

*Ven. Enough — hum, fa, la la.*

*Enter Page.*

*Pa. Master Venter y'are expected.*

*Lo. Are they come?*

*Pa. This halfe houre my Lord.*

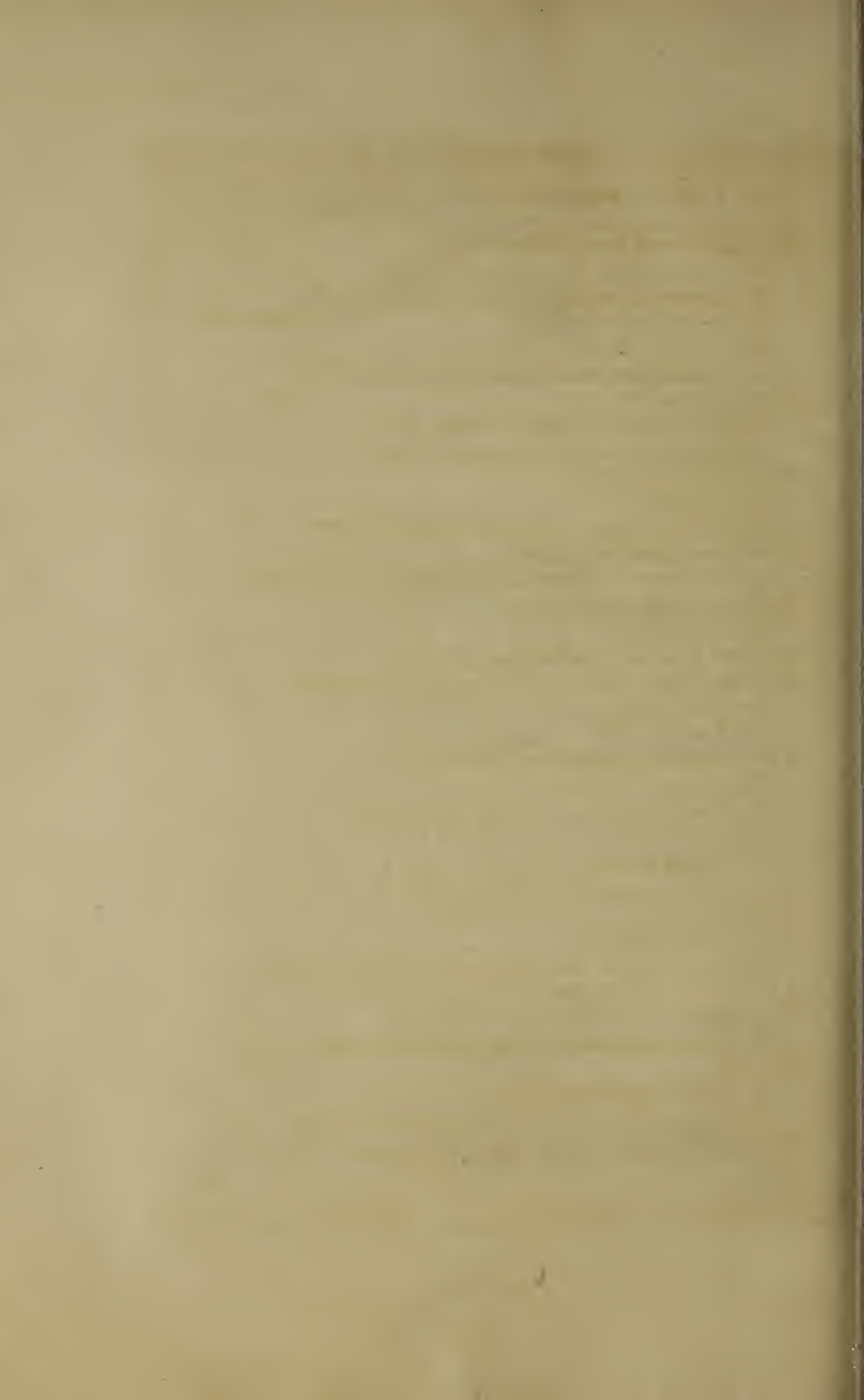
*Lo. I must see the Mare, you will excuse this rudenesse,  
Sirra stay you and waite upon these Ladies.*

*Exeunt.*

*Ven.*







*Hide Parke.*

*Ven.* Tis timē to make me ready,  
Ladies I take this leave in prose,  
You shall see me next in other feete.

*Ri.* I wish your sillabub were nectar Lady!

*Bo.* We thanke you sir, and here it comes already. *Enter*

*Is.* So so, is it good milke?

*Milkemaide.*

*Bo.* Of a Red Cow.

*Ca.* You talke as you inclin'd to a consumption,  
Is the wine good?

*Milk.* It comes from his excellencē head!

*Ca.* My service to you Lady, and to him  
Your thoughts préferre.

*Bo.* A health!

*Ca.* No deepe one? tis lawfull for gentlēwomen  
To wish well to their friends.

*Is.* You have oblig'd me—the wishes of all happinēsse  
To him you heart hath chosen.

*Bo.* Duty now

Requires I should be willing to receive it

As many joyes to you both, when you are marryed.

*Ca.* Married?

*Is.* You have not vow'd to dye a virgin,  
I know an humble servant of yours Lady?

*Ca.* Mine!

*Is.* Would be sorry you should be a Nunne?

*Ca.* Dee thinke he loves me then?

*Is.* I doe not thinke

He can dissemble where he does professe

Affection: I know his heart by mine;

*Fairefield* is my brother!

*Ca.* Your Brother? then the danger's not so great, but

Let us change our argument: with your pardon,

Come hither pretty one; how old are you?

*Pa.* I am young Lady, I hope you doe not take me for a  
Dwarfe.

*Bo.* How yong I pray then?

*Pa.* Foure summers since my life was question'd,  
And then a Jewry of yeares did passe upon me.

*Hide Parke.*

*Ca.* He is upon the matter then, fifteene.

*Pa.* A game at Noddy.

*Ca.* You can play your Cards already it seeme, come drinke  
A this sillabub!

*Pa.* I shall spoyle your game Ladies, for if there be sack  
In't it may make you flush a three.

*In.* The boy would seeme witty.

*Pa.* I hope Ladies you will pardon me, my Lord  
Commanded me to waite upon you, and  
I can doe you no better service, than  
To make you laugh.

*Enter Fairefield and Tryer.*

*Fa.* They'r here, blesse you!

*Bo.* Master *Fairefield* you are welcome.

*Fa.* I presume so, but how soever it skills not.

*Tr.* I doe not come to borrow money.

*Ca.* And yet all they that doe so are no fooles,  
Money or Lands make not a man the wiser,  
I know handsome gentlemen ha paun'd  
Their cloathes.

*Tr.* Ile paune my skinnē too with a woman.

*Ca.* Wipe your mouth, here's to you sir!

*Tr.* Ile pledge ye quicksilver, where's your Lord?

*Pa.* He has left Virgo sir, to goe to Libra,  
To see the horsemen weighed.

*Tr.* Lady my service!

*In.* Brother, you interpose too farre, my Lord  
Has us'd me honourably, and I must tell you  
Some body has made a fault.

*Bo.* Master *Fairefield*!

*Fa.* I kisse your hand.

*Tr.* My Lord and you have walk'd.

*In.* Yes sir.

*Fa.* My sister shall excuse, here's to thee and thy creame boule.

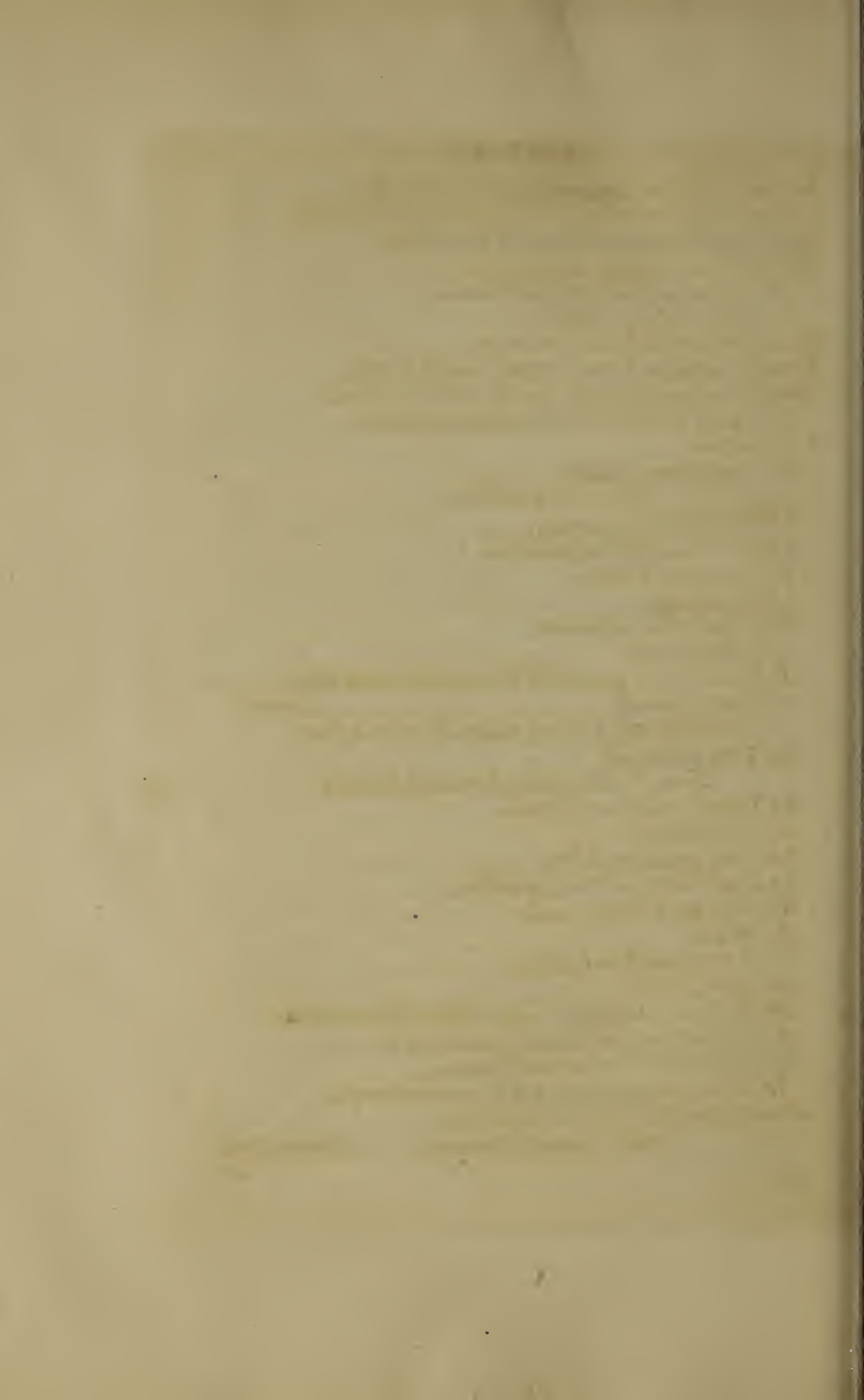
*Mil.* I thanke your worship.

*Fa.* There is more honesty in thy petticoate  
Than twenty fatten ones.

*Bo.* Doe you know that?

*Fa.*







*Hide Parke.*

**Fa.** I know by her pale, and she were otherwise  
T'would turne her milke, come hither let me kisse thee,  
Now I am confirm'd, he that shall marry thee  
Shall take thee a Virgin at my perill.

**Bo.** Ha you such skill in Maidenheads.

**Fa** Ile know't by a kisse,  
Better then any Doctor by her urine,  
Be merry with thy Cow, farewell ! comē *Franke*;  
That wit and good cloathes should infect a woman.

**Iu.** Ile tell you more hereafter, pray lets heare  
Who winnes.

**Tr.** Your servant Ladies.

*Enter Iockey and Gent.*

**1** What dost thinke *Iockey*.

**2** The crack oth' field against you.

**Io.** Let em crack Nuts.

**1** What weight.

**2** I thinke he has the heeles.

**3** Get but the start.

**Io.** How ever if I get within his quarters let me alone.

**3** Mounts Chevall.

*Exeunt.*

*Confused noyse of betting within, after that a shoute.*

**Ca.** They are started.

*Enter Bonvile, Rider, Bona. Try. Fairesf.*

**Ri.** Twenty pounds to fiftene.

**Lo.** Tis done we'e.

**Fa.** Forty pounds to thirty.

**Lo.** Done, done, Ile take all oddes.

**Tr.** My Lord I hold as much.

**Lo.** Not so.

**Tr.** Forty pounds to twenty.

**Lo.** Done, done.

**M. B.** You ha lost all my Lord, and it were a Million.

**Lo.** In your imagination, who can helpe it ?

**La.** Venture had the start and keepes it.

**Lo.** Gentlemen you have a fine time to triumph,  
Tis not your oddes that makes you win.

*Within, venture ! venture !*

*Exeunt. Men.*

*In.*

*Hide Parke.*

*In.* Shall we venture nothing oth' horses,  
What oddes against my Lord?

*Ca.* Silke stockings.

*In.* To a paire of perfum'd gloves I take it.

*Ca.* Done!

*Bo.* And I as much.

*In.* Done with you both!

*Ca.* Ile have em Spanish sent.

*In.* The stockings shalbe Scarlet, if you choose  
Your sent, Ile choose my colour.

*Ca.* Tis done, if *Venture*

Knew but my lay it would halfe breakē his necke now,  
And crying a *Iockey* hay.

*a shoute within.*

*In.* Is the wind in that coast, harkē the noyse.  
Is *Iockey* now?

*Ca.* Tis but a paire of gloves.

*Within a Iockey.* *In.* Still it holds.

*Enter my Lord.*

How ha you sped my Lord?

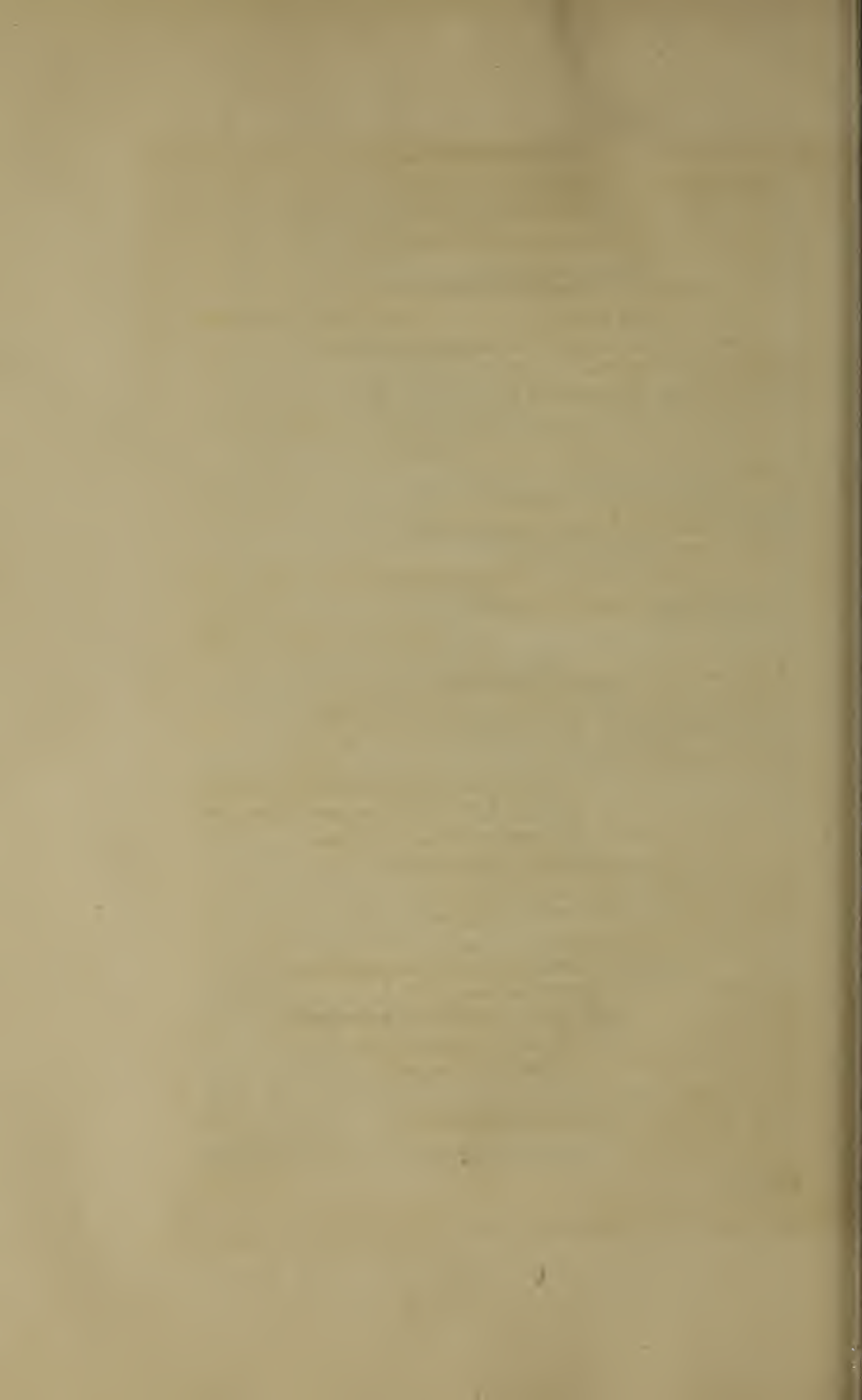
*Lo.* Won, won, I knew by instinct,  
The mare would put some tricke upon him.

*Bo.* Then we ha lost, but good my Lord the circumstance.

*Lo.* Great *Iohn* at all adventure and grave *Iockey*  
Mounted their severall Mares, I shan'ot tell  
The story out for laughing, ha, ha, ha,  
But this in brieve *Iockey* was left behind,  
The pittie and the scorne of all the oddes,  
Plaid bout my eares like Cannon, but lesse dangerous.  
I tooke all still, the acclamations was  
For *Venture*, whose disdainefull Mare threw durt  
In my old *Iockeys* face, all hopes forsaking us,  
Two hundred peeces desperate, and two thousand  
Oathes sent after them; upon the suddaine,  
When we expected no such tricke, we saw  
My rider that was domineering ripe,  
Vault ore his Mare into a tender slough,  
Where he was much beholding to one shoulder,  
For saving of his necke, his beast recovered,  
And he by this time somewhat mortified,

*Besides*







*Hide Parke.*

Besides mortified, hath left the triumph  
To his Olympick Adversary, who shall  
Ride hither in full pompe on his *Bucephalus*  
With his victorious bagpipe.

*Ca.* I would faine see how *Venture* lookes.

*Bo.* Hee's here, ha, ha.

*Enter Venture, and Rider.*

*Ven.* I told you as much before, you would not  
Beleeve the Cuckoo.

*Ca.* Why, how now sir !

*Ven.* And I had broke my necke in a cleane way,  
Twou'd nere ha griev'd me, Lady I am yours,  
Thus *Cesar* fell.

*Lo.* Not in a slough deere *Iacke*.

*Ven.* You shall heare further from me.

*Ri.* Come to Knightsbridge.

*Ven.* That Cuckoo was a witch Ile take my death on't. *Ex.*

*Lo.* Here comes the Conquerer

*in triumph.*

*A Bagpipe playing, and Iockey,*

*Bonavent. Tryer, and Fairefeild.*

Lo from the Conquest of *Ierusalem*

Returns *Vespasian, &c.* ha, ha, mer mercy *Iockey*.

*Io.* I told you if I came within his quarters,

*Omnes.* A *Iockey*, a *Iockey*.

*Exeunt all by Lacy, his Bride, Mistris*

*Caroll, Enter Bonavent. and the bagpiper.*

*M. B.* This shall be but your earnest, follow me  
At pretty distance, and when I say draw,  
Play me a galliard, by your favour sir,  
Shall I speake a coole word with yee.

*La.* With all my heart.

*M. B.* You do owe me a dance if you remember,  
And I will have it now, no dispute, draw I  
That wonot serve your turne, come shake your heeles,  
You heare a tune, I will not change my toole  
For a case of Rapiers, keepè off at your perils  
I ha sworne.

*Bo.* For heavens sake some to part em.

*La.* Dost heare.

*H*

*[M. Bo.]*



*Hide Parke.*

*M. Bo.* And you may heare the bagpipē is not dumbē,  
Will you to this geere, or doe you meane to try  
How this will scourē you, come, come, Ile have it.

*La.* Hold, I will !

*He dances, meane time comes in my Lord and Tryer.*

*M. Bo.* So, now we are on even tearmes, and if  
You like it not, Ile use my tother instrument.

*La.* Th'art a brave fellow, come your wayes.

*Lo.* Hold ! you shannot fight, ile understand  
Your quarrell.

*La.* Good my Lord lets have one passe.

*Bo.* Your weapons shall runne through me,  
And I must tell you sir, have beene injurious.

*M. Bo.* Good Lady why ? in doing my selfe right.

*Bo.* In wronging me.

*M. B.* I am not sensible of that.

*Bo.* Could any shame be fastned upon him  
Wherein I have no share.

*M. B.* I was provokt  
By him if you remember, and was not  
Borne so unequal to him I should suffer  
His poore affront.

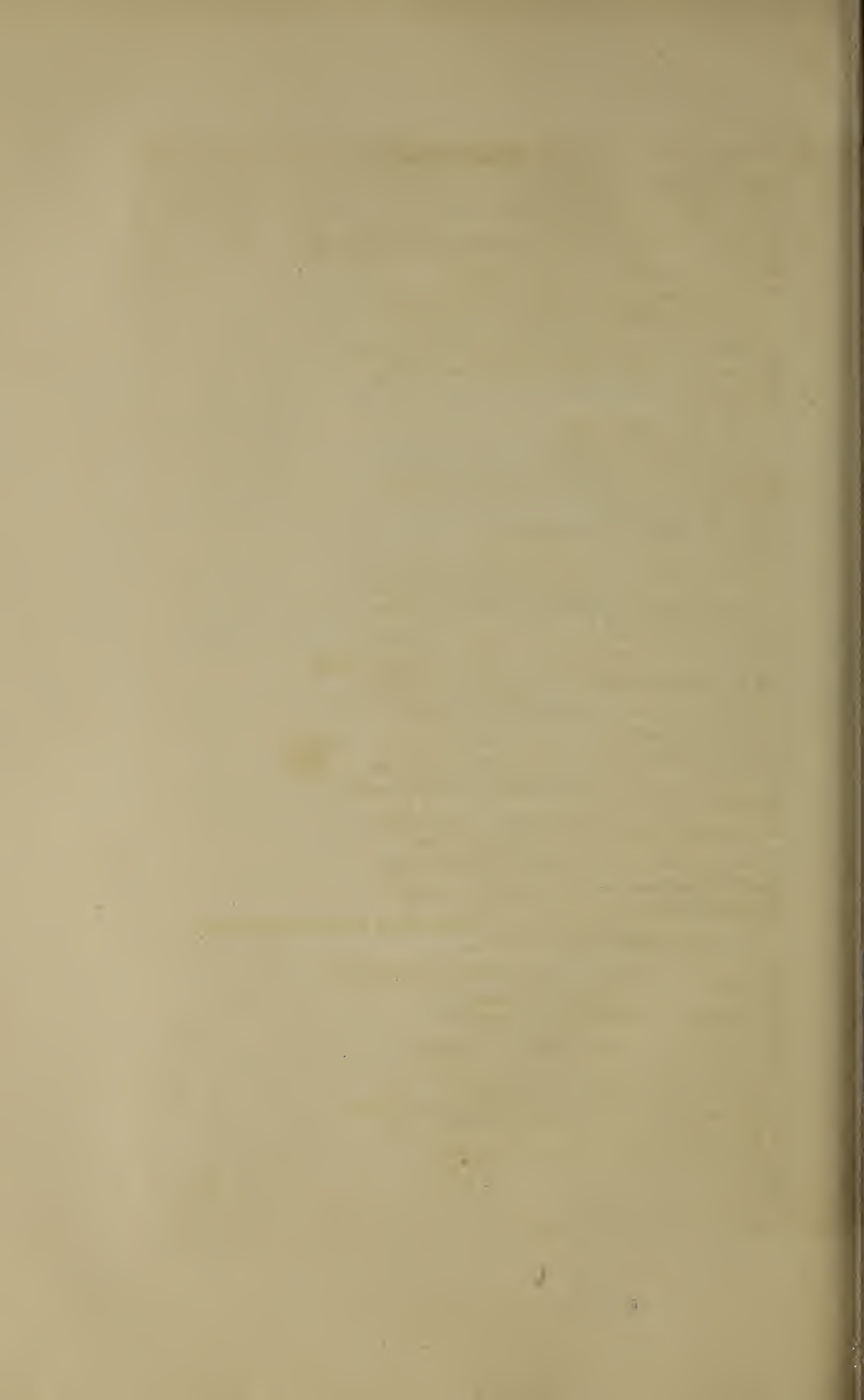
*Bo.* This was a day of peace,  
The day wherein the hōly priest hath tyed  
Our hearts together, *Hymen's* Tapers yet  
Are burning, and it cannot be a sinne  
Lesse than a sacriledge, to extinguish them  
With blood, and in contempt of heavens proceeding  
Thus to conspire our separation  
No Christian would prophane the marriage day,  
And when all other wish us joyes, could you  
Intrude your selfe to poyson all our mirth,  
Blast in the very bud all our happinesse  
Our hopes had layd up for us.

*M. B.* I was a stranger,

*Bo.* That makes ye more uncivill, wē werē merry  
Which could not offend you.

*M. B.* I had no thought





*Hide Parke.*

To violatē your mirth.

*Bo.* What came you for?  
With whom had ye acquaintance, or what favour  
Gave you acceſſe, at ſo unfit a time  
To interrupt our calme and free delights;  
You cannot plead any abuſe, where you  
Were never knowne, that ſhould incite you to  
Revenge it there, I take it you were never  
His Rivall.

*M. B.* Tis confeſt!

*Bo.* What malice then  
Prevail'd above your reaſon to purſue us  
With this injuſtice?

*M. B.* Lady, give me leave!  
I were a villaine to be guilty of  
The baſeneſſe you accuſe me? your ſervant  
Shall quit me from intruſion, and my ſoule  
Is my beſt witneſſe, that I brought no malice  
But unſtay'nd thoughts into your rooſe, but when  
I was made the common laughter, I had bin  
Leſſe than a man, to thinke of no returne  
And had he beene the onely of my blood,  
I would not be ſo much the ſhame of ſoldier  
To have beene tam'd and ſuffered, and you are  
Too haſty in your judgement, I could ſay  
More, but tis diſhonour to expoſtulate  
Theſe cauſes with a woman, I had reaſon  
To call him to account, you know not all  
My provocation, things are not with me as with another man.

*Bo.* How is that? the matter  
May ſpread too farre, ſome former quarrell, tis  
My beſt to reconcile em, ſir I may  
Be ignorant if any thing have paſt  
Before this morning, I pray pardon me.  
But as you are a gentleman, let me  
Prevaile, your differences may here conclude;  
'Las I am part of him now, and betweene  
A Widdow and his wife, if I be thus



Hide Parke.

Divorc'd \_\_\_\_\_

*M. B.* Ile be his servant.

*Bo.* Sir you shew

A noble disposition, good my Lord

Compose their differences, prethee meete his friendship.

*M. B.* I have satisfaction; and desire his love.

*La.* Th'ast done but like a gentleman, thy hand  
Ile love thee while I live.

*Lo.* Why so all friends.

*M. B.* I meete it with a heart, and for disturbing  
Your mirth to day.

*La.* No, no disturbance.

*M. B.* Then give me but the favour  
To shew I wish no sorrow to the bride,  
I have a small oblation, which she must  
Accept, or I shall doubt we are not friends,  
Tis all I have to offer at your Wedding.

*Bo.* Ha.

*M. B.* There's my hand to justifie it at fit time,  
Peruse it, my Lord I shall be studious  
How to deserve your favour.

*Lo.* I am yours.

*La.* My Lord let me obtaine, youle honour me  
To night.

*Mrs. Bon. Reades.*

I was taken by a *Turkish* Pirate, and detain'd many yeares  
A prisoner in an Island, where I had dyed his Captive,  
Had not a worthy Merchant thence redeemed & furnished me,  
Blessed delivery.

*Enter one with another Letter.*

*Ca.* To me? from *Venture* he is very mindfull, good,  
I shall make use of this.

*Bo.* Till then conceale me.

*Ca.* Excellent stuffe, but I must have another  
Name subscrib'd.

*Lo.* Will you walke Ladies.

*Ca.* Your servants waite upon you

*Ke.* We humbly thanke your honour.

2. A brave sparke.

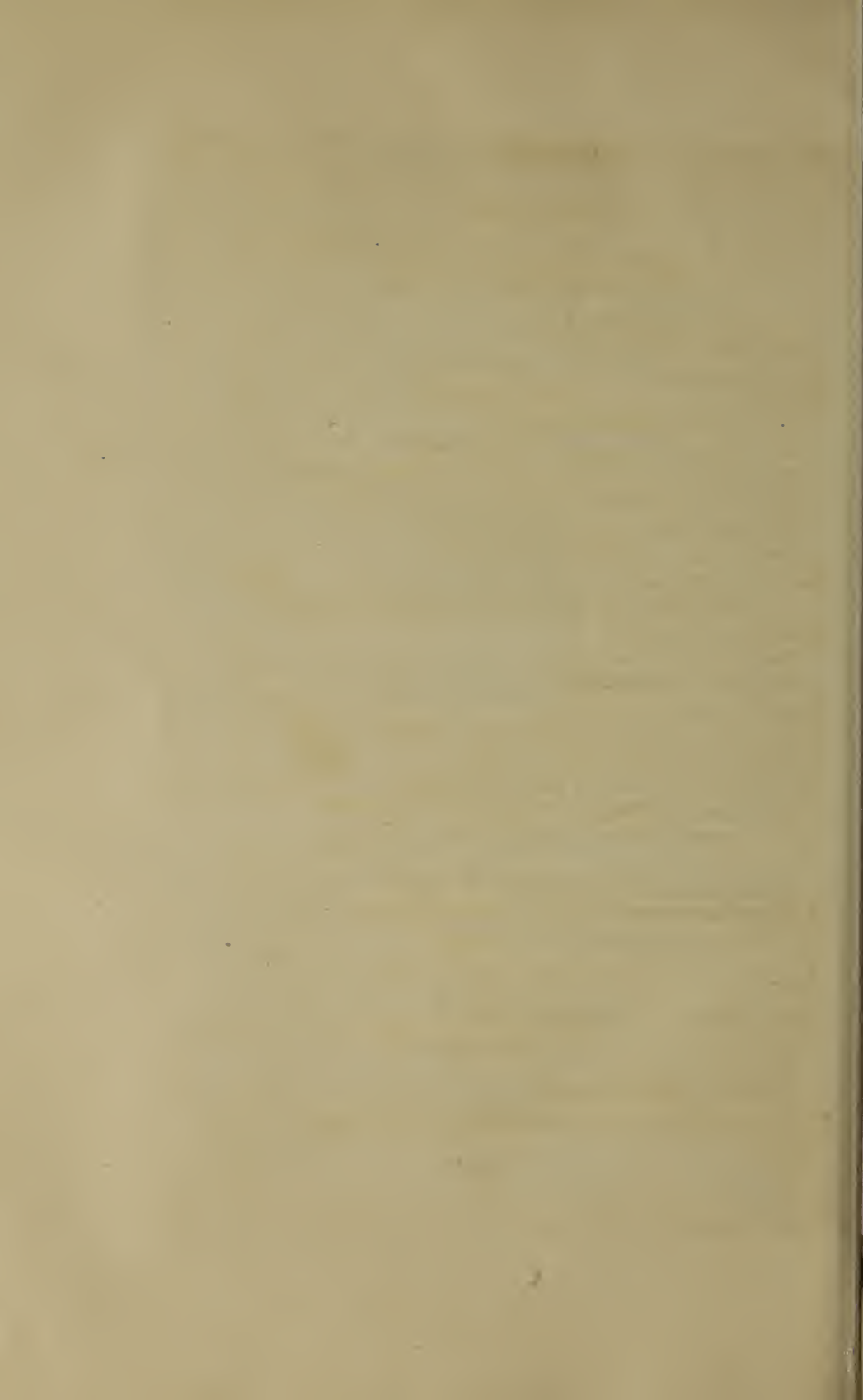
1. Sparke, he's the very Bonfire of Nobility.

*Exeunt.*

*The*







Hide Parke.

The first Act.

Enter Lacy, Mistresse Bonavent, Bonvile, Mistresse  
Fairstfield, Mistresse Caroll, Tryer.

La. My Lord you honour us.

Bo. And what we want

In honourable entertainment, we beseech

Our duties may supply in your construction.

Lor. What needes this ceremonie.

La. Thou art welcome too Franke Tryer.

Tr. I give you thanks, and wish you still more joy sir.

Bo. Weele shew your Lordship a poore Gallery.

La. But where's my new acquaintance?

Bo. His Nagg outstript the Coaches;  
Hee'le be your guest anon, feare not!

Exit.

Ca. While they complement with my Lord, let you and I  
Change a few words.

In. As many as you please.

Ca. Then to the purpose.

Touching your brother, Lady,

Twere tedious to repeate, he has beene pleas'd

To thinke well of me, and to trouble you

With the discourse how I have answered it

Twere vaine, but thus how ere he seeme to carry it

While you were present, I doe finde him desperate.

In. How!

Ca. Nay I speake no conjecture, I have more

Intelligence than you imagine, you are his sister,

And nature binds you to affect his safety,

By some convenient Messenger send for him;

But as you love his life doe not delay it;

Alas I shall be sorry, any gentleman

Should for my sake take any desperate course.

In. But are you serious?

Ca. Perhaps good counsell

Applied while his despaire is greene may cure him;

If not?

*Hide Parke.*

*Iu.* You make me wonder.

*Ca.* I know the inconsiderate will blame  
Me for his death, I shall be rail'd upon  
And have a thousand cruelties throwne on me;  
But would you have me promise love and flatter him?  
I would doe much to save his life, I could  
Shew you a paper, that would make you bleed  
To see his resolution, and what  
Strange and unimitable wayes he has  
Vow'd to pursue, I tremble to thinke on em.  
There's not a punishment in fiction  
And Poets write enough of hell, if you  
Have read their story, but heele try the worst,  
Were it not that I feare him every minute,  
And that all halte were requisite to save him,  
You should peruse his letter.

*Iu.* Letter? since we saw him.

*Ca.* Since, I must confesse, I wondred,  
But you in this shall see I have no malice,  
I pray send for him, as I am a gentlewoman  
I have pure intention to preserve his life;  
And cause I see the truth of his affliction,  
Which may be yours or mine, or any bodies  
Whose passions are neglected, I will try  
My best skill to reduce him, here's M. Tryer!

*Enter Tryer.*

He now depends upon your charity,  
Send for him by the love you beare a brother.

*Tr.* Will you not Chide my want of Manners gentlewomen  
To interrupt your dialogue.

*Iu.* We ha done sir.

*Ca.* I shall be still your servant.

*Iu.* Here's a riddle; but I will doo't,  
Shall I presume upon you for a favour.

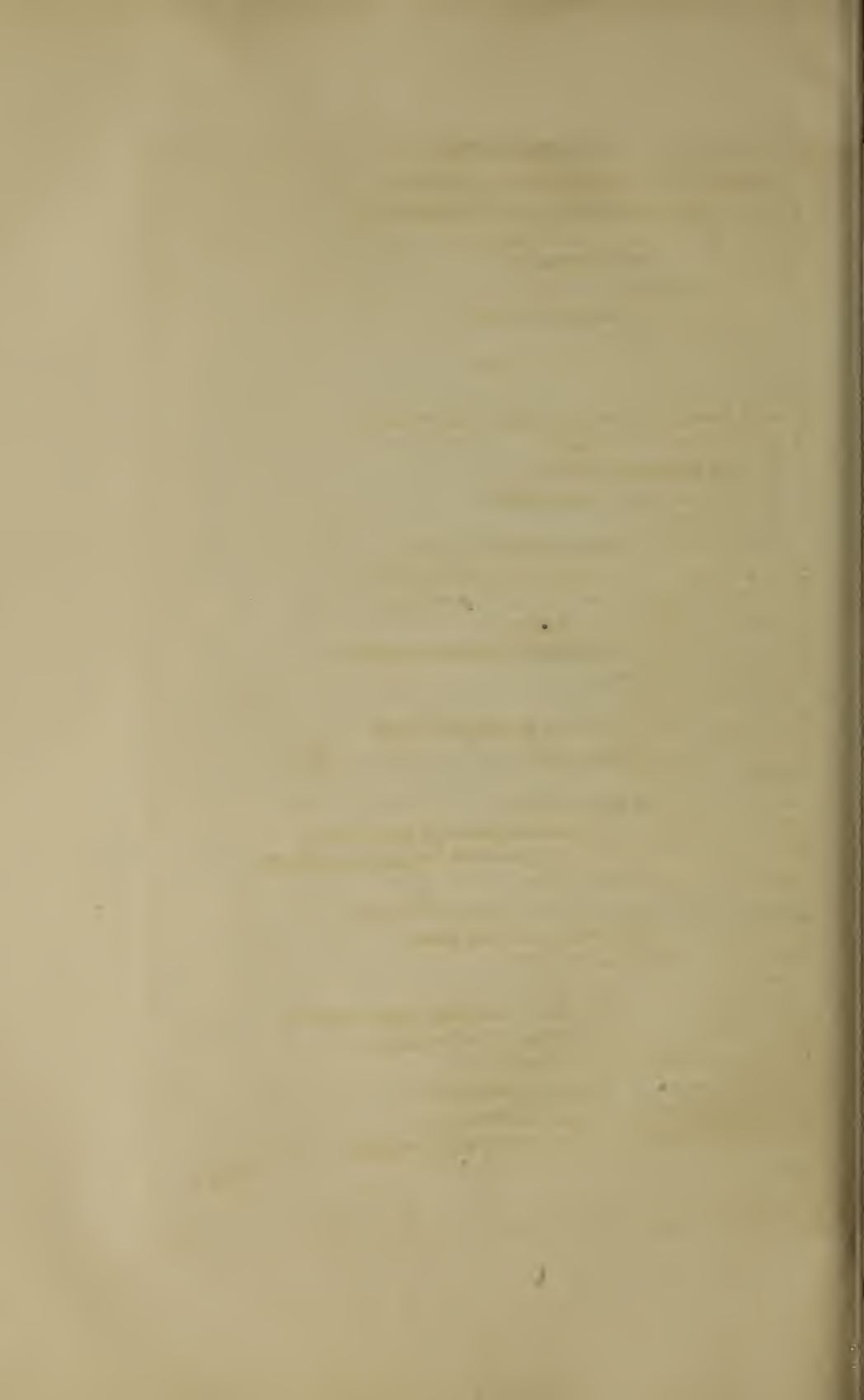
*Enter Lord.*

*Tr.* You shall impose on me a greater trouble  
My Lord, your care.

*Lo.* We misse you above Lady.







*Iu.* My Lord I waite upon you, I beseech  
Your pardon but a minute — will you doe this;  
It is an office he may thanke you for,  
Beside my acknowledgement.

*Tr.* Yes Ile goe  
And yet I doe not like to be sent oft,  
This is the second time.

*Iu.* Now I am for your Lordship,  
What's your pleasure.

*Lo.* I would be your Echo Lady, and returne  
Your last word — pleasure.

*Iu.* May you never want it.

*Lo.* This wonot serve my turne.

*Iu.* What my Lord?

*Lo.* This is the charity of some rich men,  
That passing by some monument that stoopes  
With age, whose ruines pleade for a repaire  
Pitty the fall of such a goodly pile,  
But will not spare from their superfluous wealth  
To be the benefactor.

*Fa.* I acknowledge  
That empty wishes are their shamē, that havē  
Ability to doe a Noble worke,  
And flye the Action.

*Lo.* Come! you may apply it,  
I would not have you a gentlewoman of your word  
Alone, they're deedes that crowne all, what you wish me  
Is in your owne ability to give;  
You understand me; will you at length consent  
To multiply, wee'l point a place and time,  
And all the world shall envie us.

*Iu.* My Lord!

*Lo.* Lord me no lords, shall we enjoy lippes upon't,  
Why doe you looke as you still wondred at me,  
Doe I not make a reasonable motion,  
Ist onely in my selfe, shannot you share  
I'the delight, or doe I appeare a Monster  
Bove all mankind, you shunne my embrace thus

There

*Hide Parke.*

There be some Ladies in the world ha drawne  
Cuts for me, I ha beene talked on and commended,  
How ere you please to value me.

*Iu.* Did they see you thus perfectly?

*Lo.* Not alwayes, 'twas

Somêtimes a little darker when they prais'd me,  
I have the same activitie.

*Iu.* You are

Something, I would not name my Lord.

*Lo.* And yet you doe, you call me Lord, that's something  
And you consider, all men are not borne to't.

*Iu.* T'were better not to have beene borne to honours,  
Than forfeit em so poorely, he is truly  
Noble, and best justifies his blood

When he can number the descents of vertue.

*Lo.* You'le not degrade me.

*Iu.* Tis not in my power

Or will my Lord, and yet you presse me strangely

As y're a person, separate and distinct

By your high blood, above me and my fortunes

Thus low I bend, you have no noble title

Which I not bow to, they are Characters

Which we should read at distance, and there is

Not one that shall with more devotion

And honour of your birth, expresse her service,

It is my duty, where the king has seal'd

His favours, I should shew humility

My best obedience to his act.

*Lo.* So should

All handsome women that will be good subjects.

*Iu.* But if to all those honourable names,

That mark'd you for the peoples reverence,

In such a vitious age, you dare rise up

Example too of goodnesse, they which teach

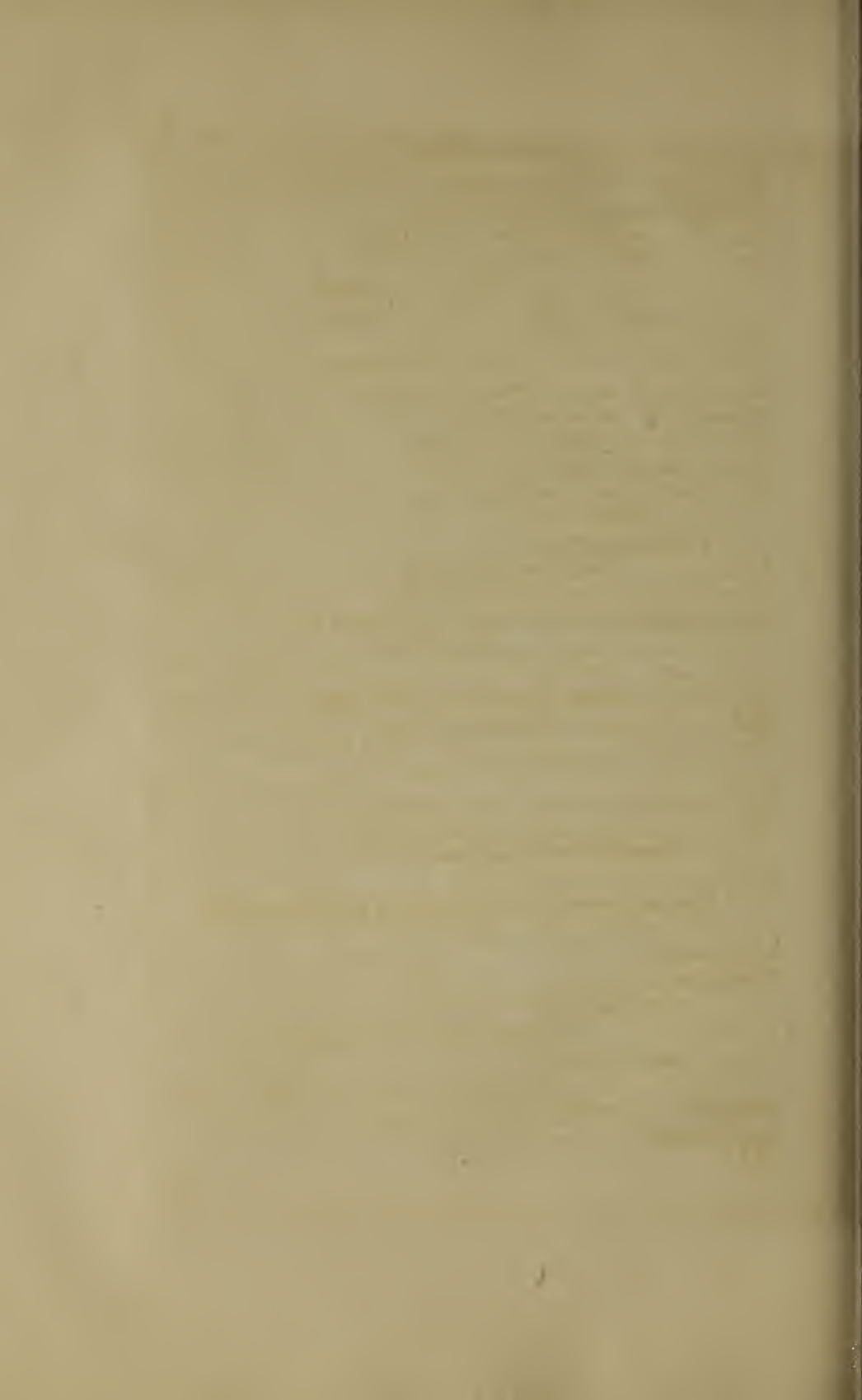
Their knees a Complement, will give their heart,

And I among the number of the humblest

Most proud to serve your Lordship, and would refuse

No office or command, that should engage me







*Hide Parke.*

To any noble tryall, this addition  
Of vertue is above all shine of State,  
And will draw more admirers ; but I must  
Be bold to tell you sir, unlesse you prove  
A friend to vertue were your honour centupled,  
Could you pile titles till you reach the Clouds,  
Were every petty Mannor you possesse  
A Kingdome, and the bloud of many Princes  
Vnited in your veynes, with these had you  
A person that had more attraction  
Then Poesie can furnish, love withall,  
Yet I, I in such infinite distance am  
As much above you in my innocēce.

*Lo.* This becomies not.

*Iu.* Tis the first libertie

I ever tooke to speake my selfe, I have  
Bin bold in the comparison, but find not  
Wherein I have wron<sup>d</sup> vertue, pleading for it.

*Lo.* How long will you continue thus ?

*Iu.* I wish

To have my last houre witnesse of these thoughts,  
And I will hope before that time, to heare  
Your Lordship of another minde.

*Lo.* I know not,

Tis time enough to thinke o' that hereafter,  
Ile bee a convertite within these two daies,  
Vpon condition you and I may have  
One bout to night, nobody heares.

*Iu.* Alas you plunge too farre, and are within this minute,  
Further from heaven then ever.

*Lo.* I may live.

To requite the curtesie.

*Iu.* Live my Lord to be

Your Countries honour and support, and thinke not  
Of these poore dreames.

*Lo.* I find not desire to sleepe, and I were a bed wee.

*Iu.* Tis not improbable my Lord but you  
May live to be an old man, and fill up

*Hide Parke.*

A seat among the grave Nobility,  
When your colde blood shall starve your wanton thoughts,  
And your slow pulse beate like your bodies knell,  
When time hath snow'd upon your haire, oh then  
Will it be any comfort to remember  
The sinnes of your wild youth, how many wives,  
Or virgins, y'ave dishonour'd in their number,  
Would any memory of me ( should I  
Be sinfull to content ) not fetch a teare,  
From you perhaps a sigh to breake your heart,  
Will you not wish then you had never mixt  
With Atheists, and those men whose wits are vented  
In oathes and blasphemy, now the pride of Gentlemen,  
That strike at heaven, and make againe of thunder.

*Lo.* If this be true ? what a wretched thing should I  
Appeare now, if I were any thing but a Lord,  
I do not like my selfe, give me thy hand  
Since there is no remedy, be honest ! ther's no harme  
I this I hope, I woiot tell thee all  
My minde at once, If I doe turne Carthusian,  
And renounce flesh upon this, the devill is like  
To ha the worst ont--- but I am expected.

*Exit.*

*Is.* My Lord ile follow yee.

*Enter Fairefeild, and Tryer.*

Brother welcome ?

Sir we are both obligd to you

A Friend of yours desires some private conference.

*Fa.* With me ?

*Is.* He does not looke so desperate; how dee brother?

*Fa.* Well--- dost not see me ?

Ile come to thee presently.

*Exit.*

*Enter againe  
with Carroll.*

*Fa.* What's the meaning?

*Tr.* Nay I know not, She is full of mysteries a late;  
Shees here agen, there is some tricke in't.

*Is.* Brother I sent for you, and I thinke twas time,

Pray harken to this gentlewoman, she will

Give you good counsell, you and I withdraw fir.

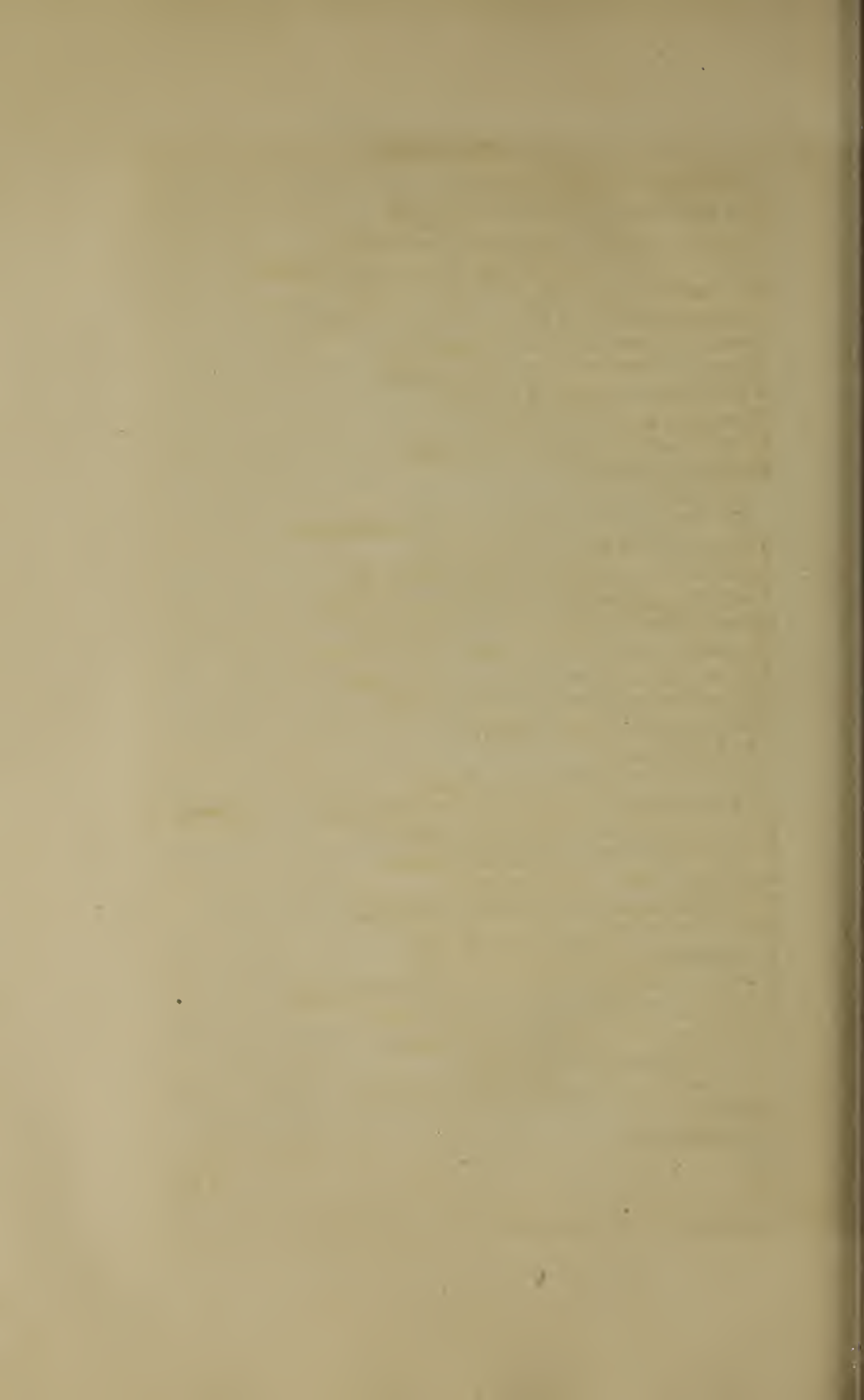
*Exeunt.*

*Tr.* Whither you please.

*Is. and Try.*

*Ca.*







*Hide Parke.*

*Ca.* Y'arē a strangē gentleman,  
Alas, what doe you meane? is it because  
I have dealt justly with you, without flattery  
Tould you my heart, youle take these wicked courtes?  
But I am loath to chide, yet I must tell you  
Y'are too, too blame, alas you know affection  
Is not to be compeld, I have bin as kinde  
To you as other men, nay I still thought  
A little better of you, and will you  
Give such example to the rest,  
Because forsooth, I doe not love you,  
Will you be desperate?

*Fa.* I will be desperate!

*Ca.* 'Twere a fine credit for you, but perhappēs  
Youle go to hell to be reveng'd o me,  
And teach the other gentlemen to follow yee,  
That men may say 'twas long of me and raile at  
My unkindnesse, is this all your Christianity?  
Or could you not prosecute your impious purpose,  
But you must send me word on't, and perplex  
My conscience with your devilish devises  
Is this a letter to be sent a Mistris?

*Fa.* I send a letter?

*Ca.* You were best deny your hand.

*Fa.* My names subscrib'd, who has done this?

*Reader*

Rivers of hell I come, *Charon* thy Oare  
Is needlesse, I will swim unto the shoare,  
And beg of *Pluto*, and of *Proserpine*,  
That all the damned torments may be mine,  
With *Tantalus* Ile stand up to the chin  
In waves, upon *Ixions* wheele Ile spin  
The sisters thread, quaille *Cerberus* with my groanē,  
And take no Phisicke, for the rowling stone  
Ile hang my selfe, a hundred times a day.

*Ca.* There be short daies in hell.

*Fa.* And burne my selfe as often if you say  
The word.

*Ca.* Alas not I.



*Hide Parke.*

*Fa.* And if I ever chance to come  
Within the Confines of *Elizium*,  
The amazed Ghosts shall bee agast to see,  
How I will hang my selfe on every tree,  
Heres a strange resolution.

*Yours till his necke be  
broke, Fairefeild.*

*Ca.* Is it not ?  
Whither is fled your piety ! but fir  
I have no meaning to exasperate  
Thoughts that oppose your safety, and to shew  
I have compassion, and delight in no  
Mans ruine, I wil frame my selfe to love you.

*Fa.* Will you ? why thanke you !

*Ca.* Heres my hand I will ;  
Be comforted, I have a stronger faith.

*Fa.* I see then you haue charity for an need.

*Ca.* Ile lose my humour to preserve a life,  
You might ha met with some hard hearted Mistresse,  
That would a suffred you to hang or drowne  
Your selfe.

*Fa.* I might indeed.

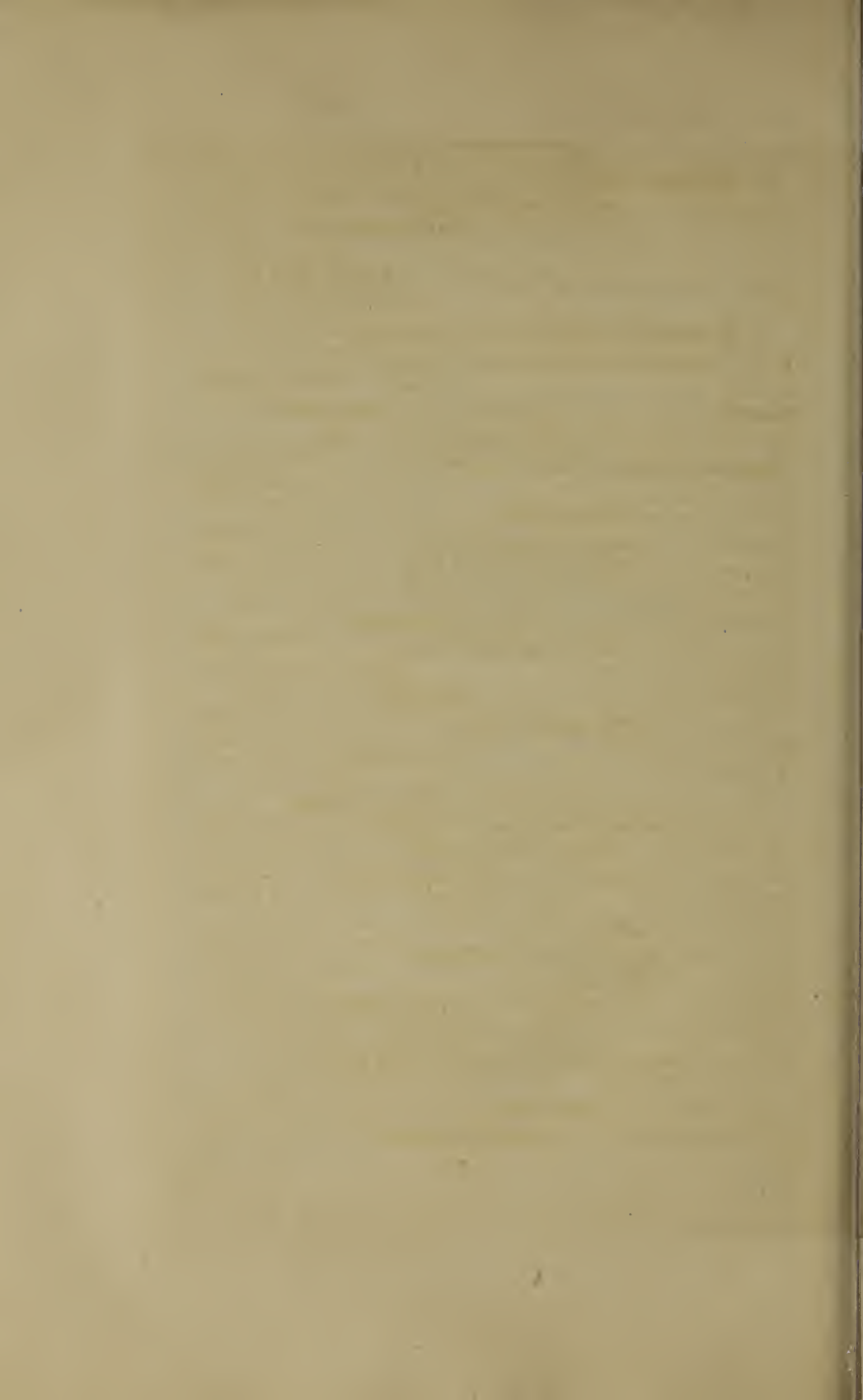
*Ca.* And carried newes

To the distressed Ghosts, but I am mercifull,  
But doe not you mistake me, for I do not  
This out of any extraordinary  
Former good will, only to save your life.  
There be so many beames convenient,  
And you may slip out of the world before  
We are aware, beside you dwell to neere  
The River, if you should be melancholy  
After some tides, you would come in, and be  
More talkt off then the Pilchards, but I ha done :  
You sha' not go to hell for me, I now  
Am very serious, and if you please  
To thinke well of me instantly wee le marry,  
Ile see how I can love you afterward,  
Shal's to the Priest ?

*Fa.* By your good favour, no  
I am in no such tune.

*Ca.*





*Ca.* You doe suspect  
I ieere still? by my troth I am in earnest.

*Fa.* To save my life you are content to marry me;  
Yes.

*Ca.* To save thy life, I will not be troubled with thee?  
How?

*Fa.* No Madam ieere all, I am now resolv'd,  
Talke, and talke out thy heart, I wo't not lose  
My selfe a scruple, ha you no more letters,  
They're pretty mirth, wou'd I knew who subscrib'd  
My name. I am so farre from hanging of my selfe,  
That I will live yet to be thy tormenter,  
Vertue I thanke thee for't, and for the more  
Security, Ile never dose againe;  
Nor marry, nor endure the imaginations  
Of your fraile sex, this very night I will  
Be fitted for you all, Ile geld my selfe,  
'Tis something lesse then hanging, and when I  
Have carv'd away all my concupiscence,  
Observe but how Ile triumph, nay Ile doot,  
And there were no more men in the world.

*Ca.* Sir, sir, as you love goodnes  
Ile tell you all, first heare me, and then execute,  
You wonot be so foolish, I doe love you.

*Fa.* I hope so, that I may revenge thy peevishnes.

*Ca.* My heart is full, and modesty forbids  
I should use many words, I see my folly,  
You may be just, and use me with like cruelty,  
But if you doe I can instruct my selfe,  
And be as miserable indeed as I  
Made you in supposition, my thoughts  
Point upon no sensuality, remit  
What's past, and I will meete your best affection,  
I know you love me still, do not refuse me.  
If I goe once more backe, you nere recover me.

*Fa.* I am as ticklish.

*Ca.* Then lets clapt up wisely,  
While we are both i'th humor, I do finde.



A grudging, and your last words sticke in my stomacke;  
Say ist a Match? speake quickly, or for ever  
Hereafter hold your peace.

*Fa.* Done!

*Ca.* Why done!

*Fa.* Seale and deliver.

*Ca.* My hand and heart, this shall suffice till morning.

*Fa.* Each others now by conquest, come lets to e'm

If you should false now.

*Ca.* Hold me not worth the hanging.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Mrs Fairefield, Tryer, Bonville.*

*Lo.* I knew not, she was thy Mistresse, which encouraged  
All my discourses.

*Tr.* My Lord y'ave richly satisfied me, and  
Now I dare write my selfe, the happiest lover  
In all the world, know Lady I ha tryed you.

*In.* You have it seemes.

*Tr.* And I have found thee right  
And perfect gold, nor will I change thee for  
A Crowne imperiall.

*In.* And I have tryed you,  
And found you drosse, nor doe I love my heart  
So ill, to change it with you.

*Tr.* How's this?

*In.* Vnworthily you have suspected me,  
And cherish'd that bad humor, for which know  
You never must have hope to gaine my love,  
He that shall doubt my vertue, out of fancy,  
Merits my just suspicion and disdain.

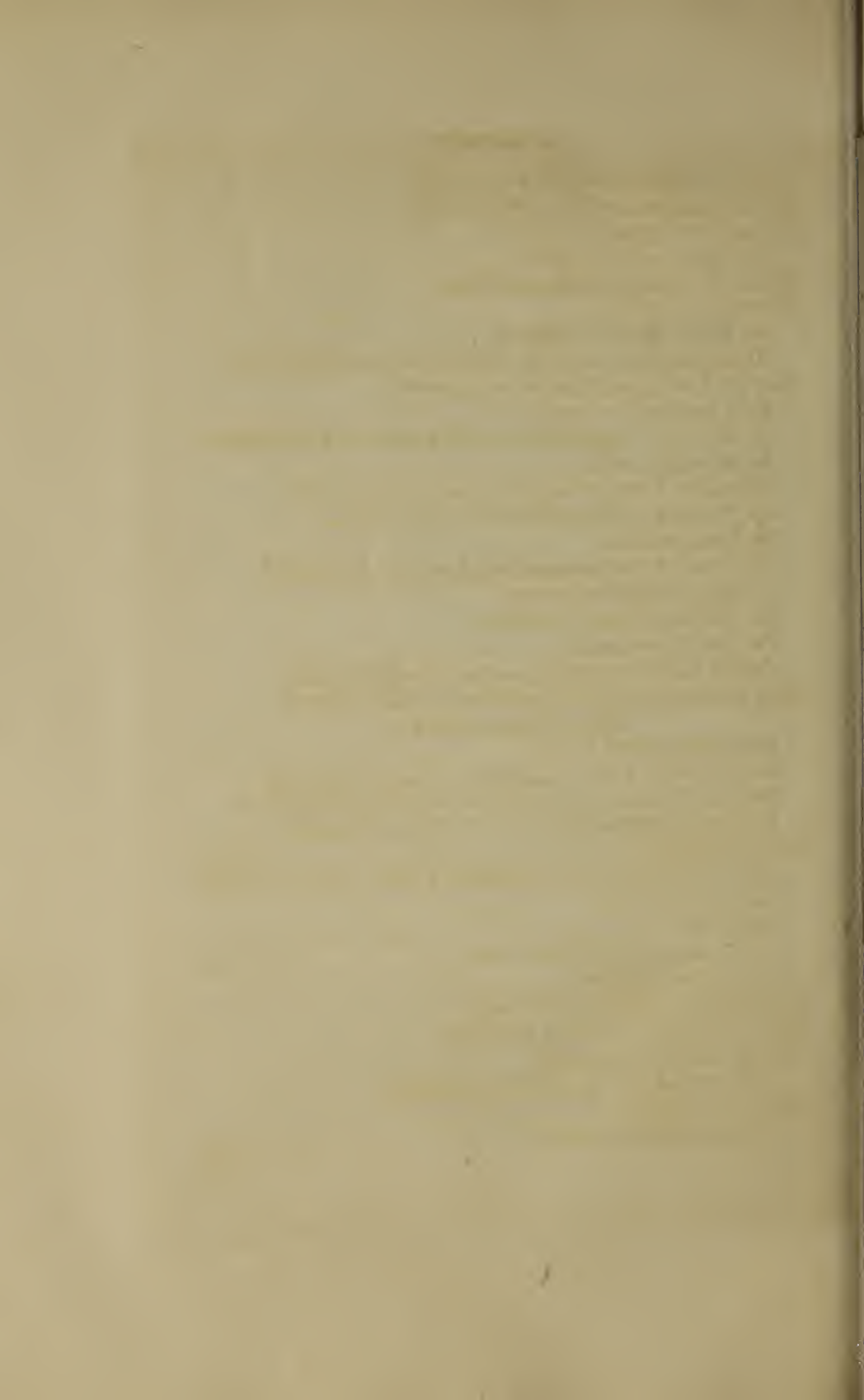
*Lo.* Oh fie *Eranke*, practise jealousie so soone,  
Distrust the truth of her thou lov'st, suspect  
Thy owne heart sooner, what I have sayd I have  
my pardon for, thou wert a wife for him  
Whose thoughts were nere corrupted.

*Tr.* T was but a tryall and may plead for pardon.

*In.* I pray desie me not that liberty,  
I will have prooffe too, of the man I choose  
My husband, belceve me, if men be







*Hide Parke.*

At such a losse of goodnesse I will value  
My selfe, and thinke no honour equall to  
Remaine a Virgine.

*Tr.* I have made a trēspasse  
Which if I cannot expiate, yet let me  
Dwell in your Charity.

*In.* You shall not doubt that.

*Enter Fairefield, Mistresse Caroll, Lacy, Mistresse Bon.*  
Pray my Lord know him for your servant.

*Fa.* I am much honour'd.

*Lo.* You cannot but deserve more by the title of her brother.

*La.* An other couple.

*Bo.* Master Fairefield and my Cosen are contracted.

*Ca.* Tis time I thinke, sister ile shortly call you.

*In.* I ever wisht it.

*Fa.* Franke Tryer is melancholy, how hast thou sped?

*Tr.* No no I am very merry.

*In.* Our banes sir are forbidden.

*Fa.* On what termes?

*La.* My Lord you meet but a course entertainement,  
How chance the musicke speakes not, shall us dance?

*Enter Venture and Rider.*

*Ven.* Rivers of hell I come!

*Ri.* Charon thy Oare is needelesse, save you gallants!

*Ven.* I will swimme unto thy shoare, art not thou Hero?

*Ca.* But you are not *Leander* if you be not drown'd,  
In the Hellespont.

*Ven.* I told thee I would drowne my selfe a hundred times a

*Ca.* Your letter did.

*Ven.* A ha?

*Ca.* It was a devillish good one.

*Ven.* Then I am come

To tickle the confines of *Elizium*,

My Lord I invite you to my wedding,

And all this good companie.

*Lo.* I am glad your shouldeŕ is recover'd;

When is the day?

*Ven.* Do thou set the time.

*Ca.*

*Hide Parke.*

*Ca.* After to morrow, name it, this gentleman  
And I shall be marry'd i th morning, and you know  
We must have a time to dine, and dance to bed.

*Ven.* Married?

*Fa.* Yes you may be a guest fir, and be welcome.

*Ven.* I am bob'd agen,

Ile bob for no more Eeles, let her take her course.

*La.* Oh for some Willow garlands.

*Enter Page and Master Bon.*

*Lo.* This is my boy, how now sirra?

*Pa.* My Lord I am employ'd in a devise;

*Roeme for the melancholy wight,*

*Some doe call him willow Knight,*

*Who this paines hath undertaken,*

*To finde out lovers are forsaken,*

*Whose heads, because but little witted,*

*Shall with Garlands straight be fitted.*

*Speake who are tost on Cupids Billowes,*

*And receive the Crowne of willowes,*

*This way, that way, round about,*

*Keepe your heads from breaking out.*

*La.* This is excellent, nay nay Gentlemen

You must obey the Ceremony.

*Ven.* He took measure of my head.

*Ri.* And mine.

*Tr.* It must be my fate too.

*Ven.* Now we both.

*M. Bo.* And if you please to try, I doe not thinke  
But this would fit you excellently.

*La.* Mine! What does he meane?

*Bo.* I prethee Master *Lacy* try for once,

Nay he, he has some conceipt.

*La.* For thy sake Ile doe any thing, what now?

*M. B.* Y're now a Messie of willow Gentlemen,

And now my Lord Ile presume to bid you welcome.

*Fa.* Is not this the gentleman, made you dance?

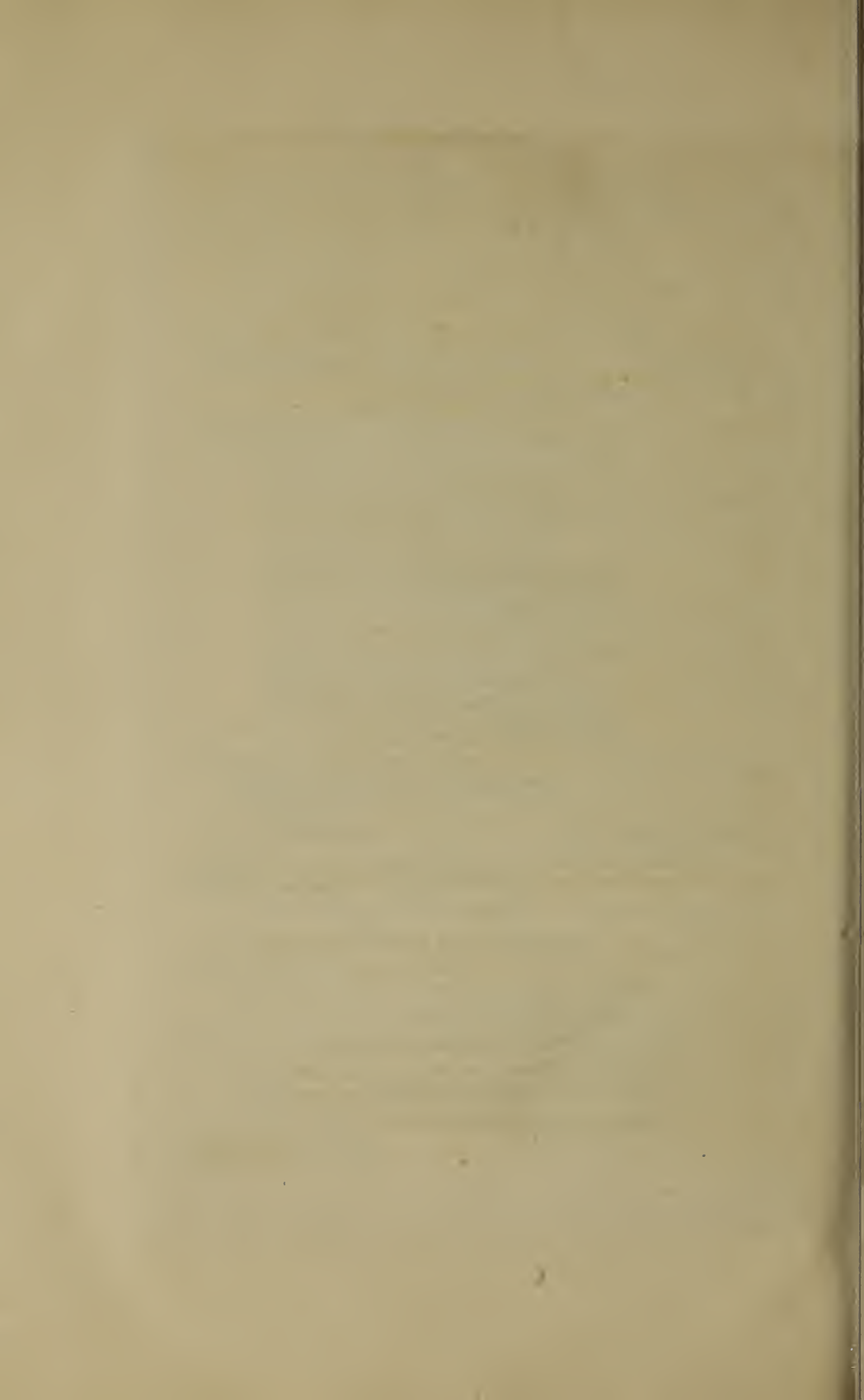
*La.* My new acquaintance; where's thy beard?

*M. Bo.* I left it at the Barbers, it grew rancke,  
And he has reap'd it.

*La.*







*La.* Here, take thy toy agen!

*M. B.* It shannot neede.

*Lo.* You tell me wonders Lady; is this gentleman  
Your Husband?

*La. Ca.* How ter husband my Lord?

*M. B.* Yes indeed Lady, if you please you may  
Call me your kinsman, seaven yeare and misfortune,  
I confesse, had much disguis'd me, but I was  
And by degrees may proove agen her husband.

*Bo.* After a tedious absence, suppos'd death  
Arriv'd to make me happy.

*Ven.* This is rare!

*M. B.* My Lord and Gentlemen,  
Y'are no lesse welcome than before, *M. Lacy* droope not.

*La.* This turne was above all expectation  
And full of wonder, I congratulate  
Your mutuall happinesse.

*Ven.* All of a brotherhood.

*La.* *M. Bonavent*, a my Conscience tis he!  
Did fortune owe me this?

*Ca.* A thousand welcomes:

*Bo.* Equall joyes to thee, and Master *Fairefield*.

*Lo.* Nay then you but obey the ceremony.

*La.* I was not ripe for such a blessing, take her,  
And with an honest heart I wish you joyes,  
Welcome to life agen, I see a providence  
In this, and I obey it.

*Ven.* In such good company twould never grieve  
A man to weare the willow.

*M. B.* You have but chang'd  
Your host, whose heart proclaimes a generall welcome.

*Bo.* He was discovered to me in the Parke,  
Though conceal'd it.

*M. B.* Every circumstance  
Of my absence, after supper weele discourse of,  
I will not doubt your Lordship meanes to honour us.

*Lo.* Ile be your guest, and drinke a joviall health  
To your new marriage, and the joyes of your

*Hide Parkes*

Expected Bride, hēre after you may doe  
As much for me, faire Lady will you write  
Me in your thoughts, if I desire to be  
A servant to your vertue, will you not  
Frowne on me then?  
*In.* Never in Noble waies;  
No virgin shall more honour you?  
*Lo.* By thy cure  
I am now my selfe, yet dare call nothing mine;  
Till I be perfect blest in being thine.

*Exeunt.*

**F J N J S.**













